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M'CREADY SYKES.

TREASURER:

ROBERT P. JACK.

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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: HIS GENIUS AND WORKS.

THE recent deaths of Lowell, Whittier, and Curtis mark with melancholy emphasis the rapid decadence of that splendid New England group of writers and thinkers whose contributions to literature have marked such a distinct epoch in American letters. The frost of old age has been very destructive of late years in robbing our literary groves of their adornments. Yet there still clings trembling to the great Cambridge elm, that noble tree distinguished in former days, even in New England, for its brilliant foliage, one solitary leaf, the "last leaf," as his own poetic fancy declares. Amid the hurry and bustle of the progressive to-day tokens of the past generation are fast disappearing, but one prominent figure still remains, the genial Autocrat, the graceful poet, the kindly Professor, Oliver Wendell Holmes.

We should scarcely style Holmes a great writer. American letters can show many names more truly deserving that title.

Emerson was great. The facile pen of Holmes never reaches the profundity of the sage of Concord, yet it also happily escapes the latter's mysticism and over-profundity. His thoughts are as clear-cut, often as brilliant, as a polished diamond. The easy flow of thought, the stream of conversation in which he talks *with* his readers, never *at* them, carries us along with little conscious effort. Yet the stream holds in solution a surprising amount of thought—the stream itself the clearer, perhaps, because the solid matter is partly dissolved; but a very slight analysis will reveal the presence of the "mental stuff." Again, Holmes is not a man of such distinctively literary culture as James Russell Lowell. While possessed of a most refined taste and wonderful literary ability, he does not pose as a literary critic. He is by profession the "Doctor of Physick" rather than a man of letters. For thirty-five years his labors were devoted to the healing art, as a student of medicine, and later, as Professor of anatomy at Dartmouth and Harvard. We are the more amazed, in view of this fact, at the excellence and amount of his literary work.

One of the most prominent traits which the lover of Holmes finds in his writings is his wonderful versatility, his ease in adapting himself to his hearers. "From grave to gay, from lively to severe," his pen traverses with marvellous facility well-nigh the entire range of human thought—art, science, letters, religion—little escapes his keen scrutiny and penetrating vision. A master in prose or verse, a novelist of no mean skill, holding a unique place as a writer of conversational prose, and marked for his ability in the realm of medicine, we wonder at his indefatigable pen, his untiring industry, the success which crowned his every effort. Holmes has surely attained the rare distinction of doing many things well.

Whether Holmes preferred prose or poetry as a vehicle for his best thoughts, it would be difficult to decide. If we might trust his own assertions, the decision would be in favor of prose. "My friend," he says, "I hope you will not write in verse. When you write in prose you say what you *mean*. When you write in rhyme you say what you *must*." Yet his practice belies

his precepts, for he is himself a voluminous writer of verse. A large portion of his poetical work consists of "occasional" productions, written for reunions of his class of '29 at Harvard, for the meetings of the Phi Beta Kappa, for medical societies, proud to claim him as a member, and for dinners and other gatherings without number. In their sphere these productions are almost unrivalled. Could anything be more playful and rollicksome than "The Boys," written for the thirtieth reunion of his class?

"Has any old fellow got mixed with the boys?"

he asks, and declares—

"Old Time is a liar! we're twenty to-night."

Like Pope, Holmes is a poet of society rather than of nature, but we look in vain to see here any of the artificiality so characteristic of Pope. While our Poet is not a poet of nature, he is eminently natural. His light, humorous verses bubble forth as naturally, as spontaneously as the water trickles from a spring at the road-side. In the midst of such a profusion of "quips and cranks and wanton wiles" it is difficult to make a choice, yet for unsurpassed humour, the famous "One Hoss Shay" must certainly be mentioned. There are few who do not find their sides shaken over the Ballad of the Oysterman, and the Spectre Pig; *Æstivation*, that little gem of Anglo-Latinisms, the Music-Grinders, and the September Gale which carried off

"My darlings and my pride,
My boyhood's only riches,—
Farewell, farewell; I faintly cried,—
My breeches! Oh my breeches!"

For irresistible humour this is equalled only by the "Daily Trials of a Sensitive Man," among which he mentions

"Children, with drums
Strapped round them by the fond paternal ass."

What the elements are which constitute Holmes' humour, it might be difficult precisely to determine. It does not consist

very largely in the chief feature of American humour, exaggeration, although we find this in the "One Hoss Shay," nor to any considerable degree in incongruity. We can best analyze his humour when we are acquainted with the man. Then we can more readily appreciate the manner in which the manifestations of his cheery, buoyant, good-nature appeal so forcibly to our sense of the ridiculous. By the magic power of his personality he puts his readers on the best of terms with themselves and the world at large. He uses humour, in prose and verse, as a magnet to attract our affections and good-will. The humorous has with him an important but a legitimate place. "The ludicrous," he declares, "has its place in the universe; it is not a human invention, but one of the Divine ideas, illustrated in the practical jokes of kittens and monkeys, long before Aristophanes or Shakespeare."

The delicacy of touch which pervades his humorous poems is seen to best advantage in his dainty bits of *vers de société*. On Yankee Girls, L'Inconnue, The Dilemma—

"By Hymen's torch, by Cupid's dart,
By all that thrills the beating heart;
The bright black eye, the melting blue—
I cannot choose between the two."

To the Portrait of a Lady—

"Well Miss, I wonder where you live,
I wonder what's your name,
I wonder how you came to be
In such a stylish frame;

and in this same graceful little ode he says with inimitable humour—

"I love sweet features; I will own
That I should like myself
To see my portrait on a wall
Or bust upon a shelf."

What exquisite pieces of versification we find in "Aunt Tabitha," and "My Aunt." It would be easy to multiply

examples, but for Holmes' ability in this department of verse, suffice it to quote Mr. Stedman's opinion, that he is "a life-long expert in the art of writing those natty lyrics, satires, and *jeux d'esprit* which it has become the usage to designate as "society verse."

Holmes did not devote all his energies to the amusement of his readers. Much of his poetical work is written with a serious purpose. Especially is this true of his patriotic poems. "Old Ironsides," that favorite of school-boy orators, accomplished more than many a lengthy editorial. While the Rebellion was raging, he attacked the "Stay-at Home-Rangers," in his delightful burlesque "The Sweet Little Man." "Union and Liberty" is one of his noblest patriotic effusions.

While the greater part of Holmes' verse is written in a light strain, dealing wittily, gracefully, with mundane affairs, he has given us some poems of a far higher nature. In the "Living Temple," which he characterizes as "the anatomist's hymn," in the "Chambered Nautilus," "Hymn of Trust," and "Sunday Hymn," we may perhaps see his poetic genius at its best. Of the "Living Temple," Mr. Stedman says "the stanzas thus named, in measure and reverent effect, are not unworthy to be read with Addison's lofty paraphrase of the Nineteenth Psalm." In "Home-sick in Heaven," we see traces of that spirit of thorough humanity which pervades all of Holmes' writings. George Eliot's assertion about Pope, that "there is little *other-worldiness* in his writings," could never be applied to Holmes. The latter, while possessed of a thorough love for this world and its inhabitants, nevertheless looks forward with a lofty faith and hope to the world to come. He is not saturated, as Pope was, with worldliness. We have compared Holmes to Pope as a maker of society verse. In epigrammatic power, also, the Cambridge doctor reminds us of the Twickenham poet. Witness the following—

"Be firm! one constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck;
See yon tall shaft; it felt the earthquake's thrill,
Clung to its base, and greets the sunrise still."

Also,

"Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,
But only crowbars loose the bull dog's grip."

If we may trust Holmes' own assertions, in face of the merit of his poetic work, he would prefer to rest his claims to literary eminence on his prose writings. Here our entertaining host is at his best; here, unrestricted by any mechanical laws, his fertile brain and lively pen are free to wander at will. The "Breakfast Table" series, the Autocrat, Professor, and Poet, form a unique contribution to English literature. They are the fore-runners of that easy, gossip style so prevalent in many of our magazines and newspapers to-day. The writer's familiar, conversational method imbues his papers with his own personality and makes us hear rather than read the words which flow from his pen. What is said seems of a distinctively personal character. Who that has communed with the Autocrat and his successors has not learned to love not only Holmes' works, but the man behind them, and to look upon him as an intimate friend?

The machinery is the same in all of the Breakfast Table series. If any place is suitable for bright, cheery conversation, surely it is the breakfast table, given up so universally in these latter days to the morning paper, or if time does not permit that, a hasty cup of coffee, followed by a frantic rush for the train. Between racy comments on science, art, theology, and less weighty matters, the author slips in some dainty bits of poetry; for, it must be remembered, some of his best verses first appeared in these monthly papers in the *Atlantic*; the whole is strung along on the thinnest kind of a plot, which, however, is sufficient to make us thoroughly interested in the "boarders." The romance connected with the school-mistress, in the Autocrat, and, in the Professor, the story of Iris, which Mr. Stedman calls "an interwoven thread of gold," and the mysterious cripple, "Little Boston," serve to hold our attention when the speaker wanders far from his original subject.

In these papers we become acquainted with Holmes' personality, his beliefs and disbeliefs, his likes and dislikes, as nowhere

else. His chosen profession as a disciple of *Æsculapius* is apparent throughout—from this source, no doubt, is derived that wonderful sympathy with the human race which glows in every page. Here too, perhaps, his literal Unitarian views were made still more liberal. Intimate contact with the human race, with all its wretchedness and suffering, may well have given him his extremely broad creed, embracing all of God's creatures. While we may differ from him in matters of religious doctrine, we must confess that such a creed adds much loveliness to an already lovable character. He views God as the personification of love and mercy; he trusts that the deity will not fall below our human standard in the matter of justice. Imbued with this belief, he has many an interesting tilt with the divinity student and others who hold a more orthodox, if less attractive, view. Two extracts from the *Autocrat* will afford us a good idea of his views of religion and man's responsibility to God—a very limited responsibility, according to him. "Anything that is brutal, cruel, heathenish, that makes life hopeless for the most of mankind, and, perhaps, for entire races—anything that assumes the necessity of the extermination of instincts which were given to be regulated—no matter by what name you call it—no matter whether a fakir, or a monk, or a deacon believes it—if received, ought to produce insanity in every well-regulated mind." And this: "Do you want an image of the human will or the self-determining principle, as compared with its pre-arranged and impassable restriction? A drop of water, imprisoned in a crystal; you may see such a one in any mineralogical collection. One little fluid particle in the crystalline prison of the solid universe."

Holmes is a satirist, in his way, but a satirist of the mildest possible sort. Whole tomes could not better satirize the false claims of phrenology than the two or three delightful pages which he devotes to a lecture on that subject, beginning with a lengthy definition of a pseudo-science, and adding very gravely—"I did not say that phrenology was one of the pseudo-sciences." It would be hard to find satire more telling in its effect. The description of the "Home for Decayed Punsters" was written

ostensibly for the purpose of satirizing that ignoble form of wit. We suspect, however, that the dignified Professor, who in attacking this class of sinners must join in Paul's confession, "of whom I am chief," was glad to masquerade for a little while under the guise of various inmates of the institution mentioned, and work off some of his surplus energy in that direction.

His psychological turn of mind crops out prominently here and there. The Professor's "mental movement in three parts" accompanying an ordinary conversation, is a sprightly bit of analysis. His proof of the existence of three Johns, the real John, the John as he thinks himself to be, and the John as he appears to other people, is complacently accepted as truth by the latter individual, the three-fold John in all his entirety, who carries this psychological theory into practical life by appropriating the three peaches remaining on the table, leaving the Professor none.

As a novelist, Holmes can scarcely be called a success. Mr. Charles F. Richardson declares his failure in this respect to be due to his preëminent common sense. "Common sense—the Franklinian quality—has no better representative; and it is this very common sense which prevents Holmes from reaching the highest success in fiction." "The Guardian Angel," he adds, "narrowly escapes being a great novel; but in it the author's personality invades the artistic field." "Elsie Venner" and "A Mortal Antipathy" are interesting to the student of physiology and psychology rather than to the lover of fiction. The former also contains the author's favorite doctrine of limited moral responsibility—heredity he declares to be responsible for many sins, and on this ground he would pardon the sinner.

If we were to characterize Dr. Holmes as a writer and a man by any one special attribute, we might declare it to be his shrewd common sense, the "Franklinian quality," as Mr. Richardson terms it. He calls Holmes "a later Franklin in riper days." Many a witty phrase and pithy saying he has coined which entitle him to comparison with Poor Richard. "Humility," he says, "is the first of virtues—for other people." "Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust." "We must

have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much." A laugh he defines as "the mob-law of the features," and propriety the "magistrate who reads the riot act." "The sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a cannon, but its echo lasts a deal longer." And how many quaint conceits he brings out and exposes to our gaze! He dwells on the power of smell in reviving old memories. He would "depolarize" Scripture terms. He tells us of the old yellow meeting-house where "the head of the family preached and the limbs of the family listened." The demolition of the historic old "gambrel-roofed house," so dear to him, he calls a case of "justifiable homicide."

Holmes' semi-prophetical utterances in his famous "Last Leaf" have been realized in fact. He has lived to be the "last leaf"—or as he gracefully expresses it in a later poem—

"Autumn's last leaf that spreads its faded wing
To greet a second spring."

If Cicero were living now, Holmes would be his model *senex*. It has been the rare privilege of our gifted Doctor to live out the cheerful sentiments he himself expresses here and there on the somewhat depressing subject of old age. Long after the allotted three score years and ten we find him still the same same vigorous, buoyant person as ever, making a tour of England at the age of seventy-seven, anon opening his "New Portfolio" and bringing out a novel, a sketch of his trip abroad, and that delightful series of talks "Over the Teacups" written as their title poetically suggests, in the evening of life. His active, cheerful old age is a type of his whole life. With many who have found in Oliver Wendell Holmes a charming "guide, philosopher, and friend," we join most heartily in Whittier's loving benediction, "Long may he live, to make broader the face of our care-ridden generation and to realize for himself the truth of the wise man's declaration that 'a merry heart is a continual feast.'"

Albert T. Davis.

McCOSH WALK.

GRAND aisle of elms! your graceful arms,
Your trunks grown dark from storm,
Your leafy canopy o'erhead
Cathedral arches form.
Your shaded cloisters echo praise,
As soft the branches sway,
Of the grand old man who daily walks
Beneath your vaulted way.

Edward J. Patterson.

A CONFESSION.

TO any who may be interested in the following pages I have a word to say. They are not written to gratify that curiosity which loves to gloat over the misfortunes of others. Alas for those who find delight in such amusement! In the open confession which they contain their author trusts to find relief. If there be any who may feel a friendly interest in him when they shall have read this sad history, then he thanks among his last moments on earth and to them he gladly confides this last statement. If there be none, he does not complain. But him who wantonly destroys these pages, I conjure to meet me before the last great tribunal.

My watch lies before me. It is midnight. When the minute-hand shall have passed his fellow for the fourth time I shall be dead.

Everything in my past life stands out very clearly to-night. I can go back to my boyhood days. I have an indistinct recollection of my mother, a woman of medium height, with dark eyes; mine are like my father's, cold steel gray. I fancy I can still see the heavy mass of hair falling over her shoulders and her loving face. I can almost hear the doctor and nurse say that mother was an invalid and must be quiet. I used to go into the sick room on tip-toe, and climb up on to the bed. And then, although the room was dark but for a single ray of light stealing in through the closed shutters, she would always smile,

though she might be suffering at the time, and her weak arms would clasp my neck and she would kiss me, calling me her "good little son" and saying that I must "always be a good boy, to please mamma." And one day—I remember it all dimly—I was called into the room to say good-bye. It struck me as strange to say good-bye to mother when she was still in the house and in the next room. It was at night time, and nurse carried me in. I thought mother's face was strangely white, but I was very sleepy and could hardly keep my eyes open. But I remember she smiled and kissed me as usual, only she didn't put her arms around my neck, though she tried to raise them several times, but they always fell back upon the pillow. And then the doctor—an old man with gray hair and spectacles—told nurse to take me away, as it weakened mother too much and the end was near. And as I was carried away she turned and murmured that "Charlie must be a good boy when mamma was gone." Then she smiled, but my eyes closed and I didn't see anything more.

The next morning I began thinking how quiet the house was. And then I heard hushed voices and the sound of people walking slowly, and just at this moment nurse came in. Her face was all red as if she had been crying, and she kissed and hugged me and said, as she wiped away the tears, that mamma's last words were that "Charlie must be a good boy for mamma's sake."

You see, those words have clung to me during all these years. During my boyish days and youth I heard them: in my days of manhood they stayed by me, and to-night they are still with me and I suppose they will be until I leave this world.

A few days after that morning I was dressed in a new suit of black. I recall the strange feeling I had when I stood up to have my little jacket slipped on. I couldn't help wondering why I had gotten this new suit, while my other one was hung on a chair by the bed. And then I had a confused idea of a lot of strange people coming into the house, and of a certain man, whom they called a minister, with a long black coat which was even longer than mine. He was taller than the doctor and

didn't wear spectacles. I think his name was Illingsworth. He took hold of my hand and kissed me on the forehead. And just at that moment something black passed by us, carried by six men. It looked like a long black box, only it was covered with velvet and had six silver handles, and on the top was a large silver plate. And pretty soon the minister began to read and talk, and then two men and women sang some hymn, which seemed to make the people cry, and everybody bowed his head while the minister prayed. I tried to keep my eyes shut, but every once and a while I couldn't help looking at the strange black box, and wondering what it was. Then came the amen and everybody got up, and I was taken to the black box. The cover was moved, and there was mamma! I remember calling her and bursting out crying when she didn't answer but only smiled. The people around began to cry, and someone near me, whom I had not seen, groaned out loud, and I looked around and saw it was father.

I remember all the carriages and the queer looking one that carried the long black box. By and by we drove through some iron gates into a kind of park, until the carriages stopped; every one got out and stood around a deep hole in the ground. And the minister prayed and every one took off his hat. And then they took the black box and tied ropes around it, and let it down into the hole. Somebody dropped some dirt on the top and said, "Earth to earth; ashes to ashes; dust to dust." And I shuddered and ran away crying. I had always thought father was hard and stern, while mother always took my part when I did anything wrong and when father was angry. As we drove back to the house he began to cry and groan, and soon he took me in his arms and said that I was all he had left, and that mamma had gone away but that by and by we should see her again.

I recount these facts because they always remained with me, especially at nights, first at home, and then when I went away to school. And though they have grown somewhat dim they are with me now, and especially as I write, the whole picture passes before me like a real dream.

But I see the hands are going around fast, and I must hurry on if I would finish in time.

I won't delay to tell all about my school days, at home and then at boarding school. Father would get angry at times, but suddenly he would stop, and tell me to go out and play and forget what he had said. His voice would grow husky and tremble, and I used to wonder what it was that made him change. On winter nights he would take me in his arms before the fire, and would talk to me about mother. But soon he would begin to cry and hug me as mother used to do, and sometimes a tear would fall on my cheek. One day at boarding school the teacher came to me while I was playing with a crowd of boys. He looked very solemn, and told me to run up to my room, and get ready to go home at once, and, when I finally reached there, father had just died, saying that I "must meet mother and him in heaven, that he was going to her, and that I must forget anything cross he had ever said to me."

I did not go back to school. Gradually I got over the remembrance of this last death, though at night I would often wake up and shudder as everything came back. An old aunt came to live in the house. She was a very kind, good old soul and, though she was deaf and almost blind, she was very kind to me. But her care of me wasn't strict enough, and perhaps if I had not been an orphan at fifteen years of age and without the guardianship of parents I might not be here to-night, seated at a small table and trying to hasten what I have to say, while I have time.

I shall not linger very long over my youth and early manhood. I suppose they were very much what might have been expected. Not having any strict hand of love to restrain me I did pretty much as I pleased. It is generally said that one does not go to the devil all at once. I suppose this is true, at least it was in my own case. I well remember how strange it seemed to me when I put the first wine to my lips, and how horribly the first oath rang in my ears; as the final call of judgment must sound to the guilty. I was a sneaking coward and my worthless companions knew it. They saw my hand tremble on

the glass and jeered me. Stung to the quick I swallowed the contents at a gulp. I heard an onlooker say, "there goes another to the devil." I turned. My head was feverishly hot. The table, the glasses, the cards, the people, the lights, everything had grown confused and uncertain. I heard peals of laughter. Then I felt I was saying something and suddenly I shuddered as I became conscious of the awful oaths that passed my lips. I shall never forget the image of Her face, that used to rise before me in those days—the face of my mother, who wanted Charlie to be a good boy for mamma's sake; nor how her smile of love had given place to one of awful agony. To have been able to have brought back the old look I would willingly have given my life. Failing to do this I only plunged in the more deeply. I squandered all the money left me and a large part of my old aunt's in gambling. I gradually became a frequenter of the worst dens of vice. My wild life began to tell on me. I grew thin and pale. My hand trembled like a leaf until I took something to steady it. In my sober moments I longed for the glass that would deaden my senses and give me relief of mind and body. I always dreaded the coming back to consciousness again and the return of the awful nightmare. At times I began to fear my reason was leaving me, but I used to think this would not be so bad if it took with it the image of the pained and reproachful face. And yet there were two things in my life that may appear strange to some. I admired a noble deed. Once in my sober movements, I remember, I saved a child's life at the risk of my own and the pleasure I derived from that action made me less cross and unreasonable for some time; and secondly, I tried to keep my wretched life as much of a secret to the outside world as it is possible to keep such a life.

The summer of my twenty-sixth year I spent at some watering place with the hope of building up my shattered health. I was very careful to choose a spot where there would be little danger of my past life being known.

The second day I had been there I met a girl out walking. She was one of the most beautiful girls I had ever seen. Her

face was at times perhaps a trifle haughty, but, when she smiled, it lost this look. Her dark eyes would sparkle as if she enjoyed herself thoroughly. She had beautiful wavy hair like mother's. Of her companion I took little notice, saving that he seemed to be a manly fellow, taller than she and apparently little older. They seemed to know each other very well, and as I passed did not notice me.

That evening as I stood in the doorway, I saw her in the dancing room, and he was with her again. She looked even more attractive than in the afternoon, and I, poor wretch, determined to meet her. I don't remember exactly how, but the next day I had occasion to be presented to her, and that evening I enjoyed several dances as her partner. And yet she seemed to dance with me only out of politeness, while with her friend (whose name was Tipton, and to whom she introduced me,) she seemed to be having the best kind of a time. She became coldly polite with me, which made me only the more jealous of the other man's success. For years I had had my own way and was furious now at being balked. For a large part of the summer I stayed at the hotel, against the wishes of my old aunt and friends, who were anxious to see me at home. The longer I stayed the more I grew beside myself and lost self-control.

I found out where she lived. I grew desperate, and one evening on the veranda I asked her to be my wife. She told me she was engaged to Mr. Tipton. Had I been less crazed in my attachment I might have guessed this from her cold politeness and his impatience when I was around. As it was I was enraged to think myself baffled. I began to curse my lot, and then I thought of Tipton and began to curse him. At first I had only disliked seeing him with her. Now I could not bear to catch sight of him at all. His presence seemed to enrage me. I asked myself why he and not I had been the fortunate friend of Providence: why had he anticipated me? I believe I could have killed him then, had it not been for her. Several times I asked myself why I did not do it, and then I felt helpless to

harm him, because of the power she had over me. I can hardly explain what it was. While near her I seemed like a different person. At those times I would feel tempted to throw off the past and begin again. She seemed to call forth the best part of my nature and to lessen the power of the worst. I used to watch her when she didn't know I was near. I would wander down to the beach, and as she would saunter by with Tipton I would crouch down behind some bushes and hold my breath until they had passed. At other times, when she looked at me, her eyes would fascinate me and seem to read me through and through. Sometimes I would startle as I thought how quickly even her cold politeness must have turned into disgust had she known aught of my past life. And then I would say to myself that if it had only been I whom she had loved, I would have been a different man. Days grew into weeks. I felt unable to go away, though I knew it was my duty to have done so. Her patience must finally have become exhausted, for at last she herself requested me to leave, and that night I left for home, vowing vengeance upon Tipton, should we ever meet where he did not have her influence to protect him.

The following year I was told of their marriage, and a year afterwards of her death. Up to this time my life had been one of misery and wretchedness. Her image kept preying upon my thoughts until it seemed as if I should go crazy. Before I met her I had ceased to pray. Since then I remembered her every night on my knees. I cursed him every hour of the day. When I slept it was to dream of her. She never disappeared entirely. Others came and went, but when she was farthest away she was still to be seen hovering in the background like some guardian angel. And as the dream progressed fate would seem to bring us together. I would run forward joyfully. She approached as if compelled by some unseen power. My own face was radiant with joy. Hers wore a passive, unfeeling look. I ran madly on to carry her away in my arms. She was all but within my grasp when I tripped and fell, and before I could regain my feet some unseen form came between us and carried her off. And as she was borne away she smiled and clasped his

neck with her arms. I strained my eye to see who it was. It was Tipton.

Or sometimes I was painfully climbing up some steep mountain. My feet were torn by the thorns and sharp rocks and bleeding, and just as I began to give up all hope of ever reaching the top I saw just ahead a brook of water clear as crystal and mirrored on its surface her image. The side of the mountain grew fearfully steep and the loose stones continually gave way and went rushing down into the valley below, but only a few feet ahead were rest and joy. I made one final and frantic effort. My hand rested on the ledge, when I felt myself pushed backwards by some invisible power. I began to fall, down, down, down, and as I looked up she appeared beside the brook leaning on his arm. It was Tipton who had sent me headlong into the valley below, and falling I cursed him again.

After such dreams I would wake with a start in a cold perspiration, only to fall off again into a disturbed doze. Then it was that I suffered the most, for out of the confused forms which flitted before me, one alone stood out distinctly. It was Tipton. He seemed to assume all sorts of grotesque shapes. At one moment he was a leering fiend gloating over the misfortunes of the eternally damned. Now he was a spider, impatiently watching the vain struggles of a fly in the web growing feebler and feebler. In the daytime I brooded over these pictures of the night until I could almost see Tipton before me, laughing at my misfortunes. And in my imagination I would suddenly spring for him. I fancied we closed in and then all at once I would find myself breathing hard, as if the struggle were really taking place. In the daytime I grew morbid until I thought of nothing save of him and revenge, but on my knees and in my dreams I remembered her. And when she died I resolved to go and see her grave.

It was on a warm August day that I reached the town, and a passer-by directed me to the cemetery. I well remember wandering in and out among the different graves, looking for some freshly-made one. At last I saw at a distance some one standing beside a bit of newly-turned sod. He stood motionless,

his hands crossed behind his back, which he had turned towards me. Something told me that the grave was the one that I was looking for. As to who the person was I gave little heed. My advancing steps must have made little noise, for I was within twenty feet before he turned. Good God! It was Tipton.

He started when he saw me; then remained motionless, save that his hands trembled somewhat, and I noticed his face paled a little. I saw that he had been weeping. He fastened his eyes upon me. They seemed to fear something, and yet, I could have sworn they were like hers. They appeared to read my soul through and through. Then he turned about and faced me, without withdrawing his steady gaze.

"What do you wish here? Are you looking for anything? You see I am come to visit at my wife's grave. If you want anything, what is it? If not, why have you disturbed me?"

I stammered out some inarticulate words, half of apology for trespassing, and then I became suddenly seized by some murderous spirit of revenge. I know not what it was, but at a bound my hatred for him seemed to increase a thousandfold. His calm look enraged me beyond measure. I became suddenly possessed. I began to laugh and mock him. I trod on his grief and derided it. I called him every name. His face grew paler, his look remained fixed upon me, but he stood motionless. At last in my rage I ridiculed his wife and insulted her memory. He seemed to have anticipated me. In an instant he sprang for me. But I was prepared and we closed. He was smaller than I and slenderer. But his rage, though of a cool and calculating kind, seemed to give him the strength of seven men. I felt like a child in his hands. We both fell, he on top. His white hand grasped my throat like a vise. I felt powerless and helpless. As we fell, a knife which I had on my person, fell on the ground. I grasped it, and, before I knew what I had done, I had plunged it into his throat. The hand relaxed. I felt something warm running over my face, which blinded me. Then I fainted.

When I awoke, I found myself here. Since then I have confessed to all and have been condemned to suffer death. It is

just. I do not complain. You think my act strange? As I look back over the past the same thought is mine. At times I think it must be all a dream, and then I wake up to the awful realization of the truth. On every side I see whitewashed walls; in the farther one a barred window looking down upon the court below, where I am shortly to depart this life. Already there is sound of hammer and voices. The light burns dimly and the hands of the watch seem to fly around.

Yet I am at peace. I have felt and do feel the enormity of my guilt, but this book on the table contains the words, guilt, mercy and salvation. I have prayed to Him who is invisible, and last night I dreamed I saw the faces of the two beloved ones beyond the dark brink. Before my sense of my awful guilt and forgiveness they could not be distinguished from the surrounding mists, but now they stand on the shore beyond, hand in hand, and beckon me over. And there I shall see those whom I have injured and the good God will in mercy, perhaps, allow me to crave their forgiveness as well.

Farewell!

Give heed, ye whose lives drift noiselessly on the tide of delusive sin and vice. Beware the journey's end, when the golden dream shall have been dispelled and the awful breakers roar on the heartless sea. Then may the great Judge have mercy and incline His ear to the agonized cries mounting heavenward from the shipwrecked souls on the rock-bound cliffs.

Penned this fourteenth day of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-three, in the prison of ———, by the hand of him who quietly awaits his doom.

George H. Foreyth.

THE ASTRONOMER POET OF PERSIA.

WE of to-day are very prone to think there is no time like the present, and no language like our own. We are given to thinking of ourselves in a very self-satisfied way, and of other people as decidedly inferior. So it is not surprising that most

persons should regard with skepticism the statement that one of the most finished poems that was ever written, embodying a philosophy logical and complete, was produced almost a thousand years ago in a country so little susceptible to outside influence as Persia. Yet I think that anyone who will take the trouble to read the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám, will be forced to acknowledge that this statement is true.

The poem is not a long one, consisting, in the sympathetic translation of Mr. Fitzgerald, of about one hundred quatrains, and so will make no great demand upon anyone's time in the reading. The scholarship and thorough familiarity with the subject, which Mr. Fitzgerald possesses, as well as a poetic ability of his own of no mean order, have enabled him to translate the poem into the most perfect and melodious English verse.

Omar Khayyám, if the chronicles tell us true, lived a beautiful and simple life. When he was a school boy, he and two of his companions made a vow that whosoever of them should attain fortune should "share it equally with all the rest, and reserve no pre-eminence for himself." It happened in the course of time that one of the boys rose to be Vizier. So Omar came to the Vizier to claim his share, but not to ask for title or office. "The greatest boon you can confer on me," he said, "is to let me live in a corner under the shadow of your fortune, to spread wide the advantages of science, and pray for your long life and prosperity." He devoted himself to every kind of learning, but especially to astronomy, whence his name, "the Astronomer-Poet of Persia."

Strangely enough, considering the simplicity of Omar's life, and his freedom from ambition, he has been called a material epicurean. He has failed to find "any providence but destiny, and any world but this," so in true epicurean fashion he sets about making the most of it while he has a chance. It has been argued that he took a rather perverse delight in exalting the gratification of the senses, and that his philosophy was practiced by his disciples and not by himself.

Such considerations do not in the least affect the beauty of his *Rubáiyát*. Some of the passages approach sublimity, and there

is a wonderful truth and knowledge of men running through the whole. For instance :

"The Worldly Hope men set their hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone."

He abounds, like every Eastern poet, in the most delicate and beautiful imagery. There is nothing of the coarseness of Oriental sensuality about him, but only praise of nature, and of Wine. Some commentators hold that this last is not to be taken literally, but as the figuration of some divinity. This is rather straining a point, however, and is wholly unnecessary; for though every word in the *Rubáiyát* be taken in its most literal sense, there is nothing revolting about it. For instance :

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Drop't in her lap from some once lovely Head."

And in praise of wine, as follows :

"Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling;
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing."

"And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robbed me of my Robe of Honour—Well,
I wonder often what the Vintners buy,
One-half so precious as the stuff they sell."

His peculiar philosophy, as well, I take it, as a bit of autobiography, is embodied, or rather, perhaps, excused in the following stanzas :

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went."

"With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
And this was all the Harvest that I reaped—
'I came like water and like wind I go.'"

"Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unravell'd by the Road;
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate."

Even though in this day of Christianity we cannot agree with Omar in his conclusions, I fancy there are very few of us who have succeeded in unraveling the "Knot of Human Fate." But what most appeals to the English reader is the sustained majesty of thought which characterizes the whole production, and the faultless work of Mr. Fitzgerald in the translation has doubtless a great deal to do with its attractiveness. The poem is well worth reading and thinking about. It touches a chord which our English literature has almost failed to reach. There is a subdued sadness in the concluding stanzas, which even Bryant's "June" does not surpass:

"Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!

"And when like her, oh Sáki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the Spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!"
Burton Egbert Stevenson.

A MESSAGE.

THIS evening walked I through a grass-grown lane
Where everything was ripe with joy and June—
Wild roses nodding to the robin's tune,
And faint clouds mocking at the thought of rain.
But for my eyes the world was glad in vain—
I scarce could mark the twilight from the moon,
But, with bowed head, I craved this deeper boon—

That sign from you might come to ease the pain
Of your sad absence. Soon I chanced to be
Held by the odor of a tiny rose

That brushed against me as I blundered by—
I stooped and plucked it; feeling instantly,
That you had dropped it from some riotous close
Of roses, glowing in the sunset sky.

Frank McDonald.

A PRINCETON ROMANCE OF LONG AGO.

Indeed there be certaine houses that have soe much of Romance and Poesie aboute their walles that I beleeve they must almost thinke. I doe minde me of a certaine Manour in these parts that though it is now very antient and no man dwells therein, yet there be such strange legendes aboute the place that the Lord of that Manour will in no wise suffer them to teare it doune.

—Mertoun's Defence of the May-pole.

HALF way between New York and Philadelphia, upon a long ridge that overlooks the valley stretching away to the south, Princeton lies right in the track of the old highway, although both the modern railroads have left the village some three or four miles out of the line. As you walk along Nassau street in the direction of the ancient village of Lawrence the street divides; the right fork running away through the country, along the colonial houses that line the road, through a region of orchards, big farm-houses and red barns, past the Lawrenceville school, that lies five or six miles beyond, and so on in its rambling, countrified way, until it lands you in Trenton.

The other fork is now known as Mercer street; this was once the "new" turnpike, but it is new no longer; it will also take you to Trenton, but by a straightaway course of ten miles. If you follow this road you will pass the Seminary and a score or more of great comfortable houses along each side of the street. The Episcopal church, the only one in the town that boasts of any architectural beauty, lies snugly hidden in a little patch of evergreens on the right.

Just after you pass the Seminary, and a couple of houses beyond, on the left-hand side of the street you come to an old-

fashioned country place, and here the trees have grown old so quietly that you would imagine yourself in an English park. Back from the street stands the family mansion, silent and unoccupied now. It is a great, rambling house, grown old in that delightful way that real old-fashioned houses have, so that if you should try to separate the old from the new you would hardly know where to begin. From the middle of the front an octagonal turret runs clear up to the topmost story, and here I suspect that a swarm of bees has made its home, but it may be that they are only attracted by the flowers that swing upon the vines and cover the steps and the tower and all the house. And the contour of the house is so queer that you meet with all sorts of unexpected turns and windings as you walk around, until you come to the broad veranda on the south side, a splendid old veranda, ten feet wide, running the whole length of the house. Here are more vines and flowers, and on a summer's day you can sit and watch the bees at work and catch the perfume of the meadow and look over the whole glorious valley below.

Sometimes, lingering about this old house, on this great veranda, on a summer evening I have half believed that the old proprietors of our grandfathers' days had returned to their ancient home; and whether it is the faint perfume of the flowers about the porch, or the ghostly illusion of fading day, or something finer and rarer than them all, there seems to float on the air the impalpable essence of someone whom I have never seen, and whose voice I have never heard. And if it really is Mistress Dorothy that comes to visit me there, I wonder if she knows how fond I am of her, or if she notices me at all.

For a great many years ago, before any of us were born, Squire Clifford lived in this great house; he was a fine old gentleman, and had fought through the Revolution; often he talked about that time, and of how the Continental Congress had taken refuge in Princeton; and, indeed, he used to show the younger men the very room in Nassau Hall in which the Congress had sat. And in his later days the youth of the country round were training as their fathers had done before, and the

men who had fought in the Revolution were drilling the younger generation, which had never seen a battle; for was not England impressing their seamen, and had not young Fleming, their townsman, been taken from his ship by a press gang? So all this was a matter of very close concern to the young men of Princeton, and when Congress had declared war upon England, there were nowhere to be found readier volunteers than in this same old village, where the people still remembered the battle and the Continental Congress of nearly forty years ago.

But fine and sturdy an old gentleman as Squire Clifford was, there was one person in his household of more interest than he. For if you had happened along in Princeton some eighty years ago, you might have seen, on almost any fine morning, Mistress Dorothy tripping along Mercer street, or, perhaps, singing about the house; and so happy a creature was Miss Dorothy, and, I am sure, so lovely and bright withal, that the sunshine of her presence has never quite left the old house, but clings about the walls, and the flowers, and the ivy, so that to this day the sun never shines quite so kindly, and the bees never hum so softly as here.

But, with the possible exception of her father and mother, there was no one in the world to whom Dorothy ever seemed quite so beautiful as to young Captain Tenant, and to Dorothy no one was so brave, or handsome, or manly as Richard. And, however they made it known to each other, they had settled it all between them long ago, and Squire Clifford and Madam Clifford loved Richard as their own son.

So they were to be married in June. Then came the trouble with England, and even the old men, who had fought with Washington almost in sight of their homes, took down their muskets and felt the old fire within their hearts. Was England to abuse their sailors—England, whom they had thrashed so soundly when they were boys?

So Richard Tenant and the rest of them were going off to the war; and as a kind of farewell feast and stirrup cup Squire Clifford, now too old to fight himself, gave a grand dinner in his house to Richard and the rest. These were the stately,

formal days; and very fine Madam Clifford must have looked in her splendid gown; and so must all those beautiful ladies have appeared in those quaint costumes such as our grandmothers used to wear; and then the men, in their tight-fitting coats and splendid waistcoats, in knee breeches and silk stockings, and wearing wonderful things about their necks. And of course the very oldest Madeira was opened, but whether our forefathers drank champagne or smoked Havana cigars the record does not show.

The Squire had just come back from New York; and the strange things that people were talking of and that the papers told, seemed to have turned his head; they had a wonderful craft that ran without sail or oar; this some of the country people were inclined to doubt, until the Squire assured them that he seen it with his own eyes, and even then they sadly suspected it to be a machination of the devil. The Squire proposed a toast to "The Spirit of the Age;" for these, he said, were the days of advance, when nations were being brought nearer each other; the steamboat was to ply our rivers and annihilate space; sailing vessels had been so improved that the Atlantic had been crossed in three weeks; the post coach was being rendered more efficient every day; "and I doubt not," said Squire Clifford, "that with modern roads, better carriages and an improved system of relays, the journey from Philadelphia to New York may yet be made in a single day."

Then they all laughed at the Squire's joke, and clinked their glasses and drank a merry health to that time when men were to travel from Philadelphia to New York in a single day.

After dinner Richard and Dorothy found, no doubt, an opportunity of being together, and said ever so much to each other, just as they would have done if they had lived to-day and he were going away and might never return.

So the next morning Richard and all his friends from the town and from the college rode away—rode away in the morning of life, ready to fight, and, if need be, to die. And, for all we know, Richard had somewhere about him a lock of Dorothy's hair, cherishing it in that foolish, old-fashioned way that men

used to have who were not so wise, nor practical, nor enlightened, as we.

He rode away, and now the smile was gone from Dorothy's face; and when letters came she read them over and over again; but summer and winter passed away, and the dreary months rolled on, and then there were no more letters. News came from the war, but no news of Richard, until the good people of the village began to wonder when they were to see their brave young captain again, or if they were to see him at all.

But one day Geoffrey Schuyler rode in on the Trenton coach; and quickly the news of his coming spread through the town; Schuyler had been taken captive in a skirmish and released on parole; he had many messages to deliver, some of them very sad; he told of the glorious field of Lundy's Lane, and of how his townsmen had been in the very thick of the fight.

"And what about Richard Tenant?"

When the people asked this question the soldier became grave again. Richard, it seems, had dashed on with his cavalry right into the thick of the enemy, leading his men; then his horse had been shot from under him, and he could not turn from the sabre-stroke that followed; he had fallen with his face to the foe, and the horses had galloped on, leaving him, dead on the field of Lundy's Lane.

Dead, Mistress Dorothy; dry thine eye. Is it not the fortune of war, and shalt thou complain if thy young lover hath given his life to his country? Dry thine eye, though the bitter tears will come, and all seems black without. A little sooner or a little later, and have ye not already said good-bye? Remember that line you used to read together, and smile again, for all is well:

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

So time passed on, and not one of the country squires round would have dared to ask for Mistress Dorothy's hand, for they knew that she was loyal to the memory of their dead young townsman. But Dorothy was too brave a girl to let her grief become her master, and they say that she greeted her father with

as bright a smile, and helped her mother just as she had always done before. It must have brought sunshine to many an old man's heart, to have seen her tripping about, and, indeed, some old people yet tell how sick persons, and those in trouble, used to count the hours while she was away; so that her memory still lives green, although all this happened years and years ago.

After a while, when it seemed as though the world were growing weary of fighting, the war came to an end; all the soldiers came home again, and the fearful struggle became truly a thing of the past.

It was one afternoon in June, and Dorothy was standing on the broad veranda, as the sun was sinking in the west. She looked over the valley and the distant hills closing in the horizon around. Perhaps there hung in the sky a bit of smoke from some cottage in the valley, or the dust from some lumbering wagon on the highway; Dorothy was yet to see the time when that pastoral stillness should be broken by a new and unheard-of messenger, and where Dorothy looked that evening on the peaceful valley sleeping below, the Pennsylvania railroad now crashes through.

So Richard was gone—lost forever. If only he had not been separated from the rest on that fatal morning, if some one had been near him when he fell, but to be left alone—no, no, he would not have liked her to be brooding thus;

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

As she looked down the sloping meadow, where then, as now, the foot-path way wound through, out of the twilight there came a form; someone was coming along the path. His garb was the traveler's; he was young and of a noble carriage, not at all concealed even as he toiled up the hill. And, as those days were other than ours, Mistress Dorothy thought it not amiss, when the young stranger asked her a question such as a traveler might ask, to invite him to rest himself a moment, and then, from simple goodness of heart, from the natural outpouring of her own sweet spirit, to tarry awhile, and to let her give him something to refresh himself withal. For in those

days there came not often a visitor from the outer world, and when he came he had many tidings to bear.

He told of his journey; for he had come that day by coach. He told her of the world that lay beyond; of the strange vessel which her father had seen, that sailed without wind or tide; of the mysterious fluid that men had brought down from the thunder-cloud, and which puzzled and confused them, and suggested possibilities of which men had never dreamed; of tales he had heard of strange countries and distant oceans, and the thousand wonders of Science.

"Strange things are these," said Dorothy. "But you must talk with my father, for he tells me of greater wonders yet to come. Nay, though we all laugh at him, he even says that some day, perhaps after many hundred years, the journey from Philadelphia to New York may be made in a single day."

"In a single day? Surely thy father did but jest. I fear me that would be presumptuous in man, for would it not be an unholy attempt to break through those limits which the Almighty hath set upon us?"

The stranger told of the war, for he was a soldier; and then, though Dorothy grew pale as he spoke, he began to tell of the awful battle of Lundy's Lane. She bent forward, as though she would read his soul.

"Knew ye aught of one Richard Tenant, of stature and form like to thine, though he was younger, and not so browned by travel and war? He died bravely, leading his men to victory."

"I knew him not," replied the stranger, huskily; "but there was a young captain, indeed, I now remember, of stature and form like to mine, who was in the fight; his horse was shot from under him, and he was left for dead; but he was not killed, and afterwards he rose, as though dazed. He was captured by an Indian tribe; they nursed him—"

Dorothy had let the cup fall from her hand; she was leaning forward, and her eyes were fixed upon the stranger as though he were a messenger sent from another world.

"They nursed him. And for weeks he hung between life and death, and at last he lived; then for a year the Indians kept him, but one night he escaped. Then he wandered far away, over mountains and across great rivers, until he reached the place whence he had come. For he sought a maiden whom he had left years before, but whose face had ever been before him day and night; and one day he came to the old house where she lived, and he found her, and she knew him not—oh! Dorothy, look in my face; let me look in your eyes; I have told you many strange things, but is not this the most wonderful of all?"

Shine on, happy sun, though thy beams fall far aslant, and may not last for long. Blow, happy wind, and turn all harm away. Waft not their sweet converse on the air, for it is the speech of angels, and too fine for human ear. They have ceased to speak, and hand and hand they enter the great house. There is the good Squire, sound and hearty as ever, albeit the passing years have touched his hair with gray.

"Father," says Dorothy, standing in the door, "I have brought some one to see you; one who was dead, but is come to life again."

* * * * *

And now I am sure that it was Dorothy who was with me on the porch this afternoon, and that it was her sweet presence that cast such a subtle incense on the air. And, although all this happened so very long ago, and although we have discovered so many wonderful things of which Dorothy and Richard never so much as dreamed, and although we live in such a wise, practical age, I half believe that Richard was right when he said that there was something in Dorothy's upturned face, and something in her eyes, as he looked deep into her soul, that was more wonderful than them all.

So these two young people are brought together again, and now they pass from our sight, and are gone; is it the mist of years that dims our vision, or is it because they are so far away? And you, dear friend, what are you but the work of fancy, a piece of mind-stuff? The rain that beats on the roof, and the

smile on your Phyllis' lips, pass away, but Love survives through all changes, for is not Love immortal? I open my window, and through the moonlight there are the fauns and satyrs dancing on the green. Pipe, merry shepherd, for the morning cometh, and we can not see thee, nor hear thy note by day. The day hath its struggles, its cruel disappointments, and its joys. While it is night, let us for a moment draw closer in the darkness; Love and Beauty and Truth still live, and our hearts are young again. Through the silence of the night come the voices of youth, a laugh, and a ripple that dies away on the air. Let us join hands across the distance, and, while these ghostly echoes hover in the air, let the kindly heart still glow, for we are brothers all, and to-night we know that Love shall never grow old.

McCreedy Sykes.

WASHINGTON AS A MYTH.

IS IT true that the American Nation is no longer loyal to the memory of him whom they once hailed as the "Father of his country," that his name is becoming an empty chrysalis, void of life and spirit, that every year it fades more and more into a shadowy myth, as the Nile grows faint and finally disappears on the far-off blue of the horizon? Shall Washington be to the son of the future but a phantom? Is it not well to pause and reflect on these possibilities?

The importance of these questions hinges on the fact that nations, like painters, require models. Lofty conceptions of character impress us mainly when embodied in some person. The image on the canvass must have its prototype in the reality. Abstract ideals evade our weak grasp, but in the concrete we may make them our own. Heroes and hero-worship are, then, a national necessity. Hence the importance of their proper selection. Shall a Jay Gould or a Washington mould the hearts and minds of the rising generation? Shall we reverence an Aaron Burr or an Alexander Hamilton? Whose name shall have a place in our country's Pantheon?

Nations embalm the memory of their honored dead in three ways. Egypt and Rome erect pyramids and arches. History enrolls upon her written pages her illustrious sons, but the lives of those we love stand forth most vividly when Time links their deeds and characters upon his Calendar. How shall we best remember those whose influence we would perpetuate? Shall we chisel their names on pyramids? Let us then beware lest the handiwork of the sculptor and the skill of the builder remain but a monument to themselves and not to the forgotten Pharaoh.

We are told of an Eastern monarch whose name and titles were moulded in plaster upon a tower exposed to the sea. Beneath his sovereign's name and into the firm rock the builder had chiseled his own. Ages passed, and when the angry waters had worn away his lord's name, there appeared that of his humble servant as lasting as the stone itself. Let us beware lest we build but to ourselves.

The pen is mightier than the rock and the written page more enduring than the chiseled granite, but not alone to the patient scribe or to the skilled artisan would we entrust the memory of those we love. In the product of Shakespeare's pen we see humanity's soul laid bare. There, we discern man's ambitions and disappointments, his joys and sorrows, but of the bard himself alas how little has come down to us! To us his life is but as a sealed book.

This is a busy world in which we live, and our senses, dulled by the noise and bustle of its thoroughfares, need the finger of Time to arrest our attention and turn our thoughts to the departed. Especially in America is the sin of forgetfulness prevalent. To us above all peoples the present is golden, the past is simply that which has gone before, and the future only interests us as it may become a more brilliant present. Like foolish children, heedless of parental instruction, we rush on thoughtlessly and, only when our pride and self-esteem meet with mishap, do we turn to those wiser heads, who guided the nation so safely and so gloriously in the past. Then appear the ghosts of Hamilton, Webster, Lincoln and Washington, and shall not the last be first?

As his life and character unravel before us, we instinctively exclaim—Let Washington be honoured! Alas how often our better feelings are belied by our unworthy actions, and our nobler impulses fly on “leaden wings!”

During this one day in the year should not the country pause, the hum of machinery be hushed and the voices in the temple of Mammon be silent? Ask the prominent business men why their mills and workshops run to-day, and they will smile and tell you that labour is more profitable than patriotism. Turn to the employee and he will answer, that a day's wages is worth more than patriotism. If this be true, let us change the motto on our national coinage. Let it be no longer “In God we trust,” but “In Gold we trust.”

But it is not the silver goddess alone which, when held close before your eyes, blinds us to the necessity of paying reverential tribute to our honoured dead. Immigration and socialism have made sad havoc with our patriotism. What do the hordes of Italians and Slavs that pour into Castle Garden either know or care for the spirit of our institutions? They seek not the welware of the country but the country's wealth. And alas that the “cackling of geese” fails to warn our far sighted Roman Senators at the Capitol! Will not an inventive “boss” devise some American-Italian, or American-Bohemian ballot system, by which the votes of these foreign gentlemen may be sent to them abroad and returned free of charge? Do not the heads of our German, Irish and Italian wards know that whereas their constituency are spoiled when they reach this country and demand a whole quarter of a dollar for their votes, the same might be bought on the other side for a mere bagatelle. The beauty of such an arrangement would lie in the fact that we could then elect our Presidents by foreigners without being blessed by their persons and vices. The latter, alas! breed our American socialists and their dangerous views. It would seem that America perchance may be the favoured spot where socialism will put into practice its radical doctrines. Would to God that the more violent element of our “International Workmen's Association” and other societies, who favor Common

Property, Socialistic Production and Distribution, and the grossest Materialism, were only granted some far-off island in the sea, where they might, undisturbed, work out their own salvation. Is it strange that our national holidays are slighted by this class; that America's honoured dead are either ridiculed or misunderstood?

Still, perhaps our greatest temptation to forget and ignore lies in the fact that we are "too beastly prosperous," as we have been informed by a distinguished foreigner. Our very atmosphere breathes excitement and unrest. The young men of the country seem possessed by the sole ambition to acquire vast wealth in the shortest possible time. Alas! how unfortunate that the life and recent death of one of the money-seekers of the New World should not sound the tocsin more loudly. Mammon-worship is one of the greatest crimes in our land. The powerful god sits enthroned upon the heart of the nation, and his enticing allurements absorb our attention. We hear but the voice of the sirens and are borne helplessly along by the tide, oblivious to the rocks before. The prophet of evil is never welcome. Too often he is looked upon as a political Cassandra. But the handwriting glares upon the wall. In the train of Mammon always comes Ambition, Luxury and Licentiousness. Rome spreads before us her blood-stained pages, and bids us beware of the

"Lust of power, and the power of lust!"

Alas! that we should need to be thus reminded to-day, that as we gather here to honour the memory of Liberty's greatest son and the "Father of our dearly beloved country," we should feel that there are some among us whose sympathies flow not with ours; that there are those in this land who, by reason of foreign birth and hostile attitude towards the institutions of these United States, refuse

"To render unto Washington the things that be Washington's!"

Nigh to Rome, on the Appian Way, still stands a stern, round tower of other days. It bears aloft the name of Cecilia Matella.

The old walls have done their work well. The storm of war has poured around them and Time's effacing finger has long touched them, but yet they remain like grim sentinels to guard the trust committed to their care. Who Cecilia Matella was and what her history was has long since been buried in oblivion, and the empty, barren name seems more unreal, more like a mockery, than if the letters themselves had vanished long ago.

Shall such be the fate of the name of Washington? Heaven forbid!

George H. Forryth.

THE SEASONS.

THE rose has a season to bud and a season to blow,
Then follows the season to fall when the leaves lie low,
All withered beneath the branch where they nodded an hour ago.

The bird has a season to grow and a season to sing,
Then follows the season to die, which the swift days bring,
When its glad note never again shall make the woodland ring.

But though the rose may wither and fall to-day,
And though the bird may waste in a slow decay,
To-morrow a rose will blow and a bird will sing its lay.
Burton Egbert Stevenson.

THE TALE OF THE PRINCESS SAVITRI.

THE word "Sanskrit" to untutored minds always represents the great unknown, a topic on which it is better to let others do the talking, if we want to hide our own ignorance, in fact a subject to be relegated to the most retired nooks of a great University, a thing that is antiquated, and so buried beneath "the sands of time" that a man can not excavate deep enough to find anything, without getting so out of touch with this busy, prosaic nineteenth century world of ours, that when he comes back to the surface, a thing which he seldom does, he is forever a marked man. When the student thinks of Sanskrit, the air is heavy

with the odor of "midnight oil," thumbed dictionaries of ghastly paradigms rise before his vision, the legion of strange letters form a kaleidoscope, as they unite in all sorts of writhing ligatures, and his worst foe, the twenty-letter-compound words, seem more villainously inclined than ever.

To the poet, and the man whose inner world is full of life, who possesses that Midas-touch that brings the golden lining of the Ideal out of even the most prosaic things of life, to such an one as this, Sanscrit presents vistas of the mysteries of Indian philosophy; he sees great forests and rivers, hermits and saints, and mighty "Rajas," and the whole kosmos is peopled with "Devas." No matter how much Philology may dissect and classify the remains of India's past literature, there is an aroma about it, a something indiscrible, dependent not upon form or surroundings, but inherent in the thing itself, which lives on immortal. The world has waited for our *fin de siècle* activity to draw this out, give it substance, and clothe it in such a way as to make it intelligible and capable of being appreciated. For this is the rationale of that new concept of the brotherhood of man which is now manifesting itself in "world exhibitions," but will soon extend its field, and spend at least a part of its activity in yoking the past to the present. Latin and Greek we have ever with us, but it is at least worthy of a thought, whether we do well altogether to neglect the still older literature of old India. For while in the economy of things few men can rightly afford time to do much in this corner, are all the rest of us excused from even a knowledge of all that has been done? But, as happens so many times in this world of compensations, "Taste and See" is all the motto that we need. If one had been hard at work on a hot summer's day in the streets of a great city, deafened by the roar of trucks and carts, and elbowed and pushed by the hurrying crowd, what could be more delightful than suddenly to have the scene changed, and to find oneself in the quiet country, with none but the birds for company? And to him who has any true realization of what Horace meant when he said *simplex munditiis* it is almost as great a relief to put back the hands of time from this artificial, myriad-voiced

clamour of 1893, back three thousand years to the time when the world was young, to speak once again the pure, artless speech of nature, and to come apart and rest a while with the "Dwellers in the Dawn." Perhaps you are beginning to despair of ever reaching the Princess Savitri, but, long as this is for an introduction, it only gives a hint or two of some of the surprises and pleasures that await the explorer into that 200,000-line Epic of the Mahabharata, that epic which tradition says is but a miniature of the great two million line epic which, unfortunately, the gods alone possess. These 200,000 lines form a part of the "Hindoo Bible," and are so divine and holy that the "Record" itself says "The reading of the Mahabharata destroys all sin and produces virtue * * * if a man read it, he ascends to heaven after death." The tale of the Princess Savitri is just one short episode in this monster work. I have chosen it as a sample partly because it is such a perfect jewel in itself, and is rendered all the more brilliant by its incongruous setting—a bit of real romance, a story of true love, written before Homer, and, as some think, even before Moses, and partly because its heroine is the prototype of "Alcestis," and the sidelights that are thrown on the condition of women in that early age contrast most vividly with the condition of their daughters, the women of the India of to-day. The literary form of this episode is a combination of the epic and the dramatic, occurring incidentally as a narrative of the Seer Markandeya to comfort a Prince at the loss of his virtuous wife. It might be easily dramatized, with the following as its "Dramatis Personæ":

Aswapiti, King of Madras.
Savitri, his daughter.
Navada, the Seer, his councillor,
Dyumatsena, the exiled King of Chalva,
Satyavan, his son,
Yama, the God of Death.
Penitents, Hermits and Wisemen.

The poem consists of seven cantos, and the scene shifts between the Court of Madras, the Hermitage Retreat of the exile Dyumatsena and the depths of the "Penitence Forest."

* * * * *

In the land of Madras, there dwelt a pious Raja, beloved of his people, just and true; but alas! he was childless, and his great sorrow, which none could feel more keenly than a high-caste Hindoo, was that when Yama should take him hence there would be none to bear his name. And so in the faith of a child of the Dawn, he fasted and prayed to the goddess Savitri that with her as an intercessor, the great and awful Dera, the self-existent one might grant him offspring. His prayers and sacrifices gained him a hearing, and the goddess promised.

"Lo! unto thee there shall be born a maid,"

"More sweet than eye of man hath ever seen;"

"The self-existent one hath promised it."

When the maiden was born she had lotus eyes and was as beautiful as Lakshmi. In fact, so lovely was she that men were wont to worship her as an angel from Heaven. But as the years rolled by and the time came when it was meet for her to be wedded, none of the princes of that land had dared to ask her hand; and so her father, the wise Raja, bade her take her attendants and go forth to seek a husband, saying, (in the words of a quaint Indian proverb):

"He doeth wrong, whose son is wedded not,

"Wrong is that king who himself marries not,

"And whoso heedeth not his mother's needs

"He also does a wrong commit."

And so the Princess set forth, and the first canto closes.

Now there was a day when Aswapiti, the king, sat among his lords, and Navada, his high councillor, was beside him when lo! Savitri entered with her train and bowed in deep humility before the king. She had found her choice, it was the noble Satyavan, son of the blind exile Dyumatsena, a dweller in the "Penitence Forest." He was a "liberal giver," and a man possessed of all the virtues, but Narada, the Seer, foretelling the catastrophe, declared his one fault, that cancelled all the good.

"Count hence to-day, one year, and he shall die." The father, deeply moved, pleaded with his daughter to change her purpose, but to no avail; respectful but firm she replied—in another proverb:

"There are three things that happen once for all,
"Once falls a heritage; and once a maid
"Doth yield unto her husband of her joy;
"Once says a father 'choose, thy will be done,'
"These things are 'once-for-all.'"

And so the wedding banquet was made ready, the seer blessed the lovely bride and went to his home, and so ends the 2nd canto.

Now the father of Prince Satyavan was blind and an exile from his kingdom, and his dwelling place was in the forest. To him, then, went the Raja to gain his sanction for the marriage. And when the festal day came all the priests and holy penitents gathered in the forest, and, with great rejoicing, the sacred ties were bound. In the days that followed, Savitri in beautiful humility put off her royal attire and clothed herself in the coarse garments of a hermit, and her kindness and devotion gained her the love of all that knew her, and the poor blind father of her princely lord delighted in her words; but all this time her heart was heavy with dread when she bethought herself of the awful doom foretold by Narada; and so ends the 3rd Canto.

Day followed day until at length she knew the dread time was almost come and that in four days her lord must die; so she rose before the dawn and solemnly observed the "Three-Fold Fast." But when the day of doom was come she rose and sacrificed and made ready to go with her husband to the forest; for she said: "This day, to-day, I cannot leave thee, Prince." And so they bade their parents farewell and set out to gather fruit where the crystal streams were flowing through the green forest glades; and so ends the 4th canto.

Now it so happened that when they had filled their basket with luscious fruit, the Prince began to cut wood to make a sacrifice, when suddenly a pain shot through his head, the sweat

stood out upon his brow, and he sank down exhausted. But Savitri was there, and caught him in her arms and raised his head upon her lap and soothed him.

And lo! there stood beside her a mighty spirit, clad in red, with eyes that flashed like the sun. In terror Savitri sprang up and cried aloud:

"What God art thou, for mortal thou art not."

Then the Shade answered:

"Yama, am I, the mighty god of Death,

"Who binds the souls of men, and bears them hence."

And straightway he drew forth the soul of Satyavan and bound it in his noose and departed on his journey, but the faithful Savitri followed hard after, and when Yama bade her return said:

"Whithersoever men shall bear her lord,

"There, duty says, the faithful wife must go."

And then she burst forth into a holy chant, extolling virtue and self-mastery, and Yama, charmed, granted a boon, excepting only the life of Satyavan, and so she prayed that the father of her lord might be restored to sight. Still she followed, and her voice was raised in the praise of friendship. And the Death god, hearing, granted another boon, but not the Prince's life. So she chose that the exile king should be brought back to his rightful throne; and still she followed. And again her chant was "A Song of Mercy." And again Yama hearkened, and was glad, and again she obtained a wish—not the longed-for life, but many sons for her father; and still she followed. And now she sung a song of righteousness, and Yama's heart was warmed within him, and yet another boon was granted her, but not the life for which she would have given her own; instead she was to bear many sons to carry on the line; and still she followed. And now she poured her whole soul into her words, and her praises were once again of virtue; and Yama, the very God of Death, grew merciful, and his soul melted, and, in a transport of joy, he cried:

"Choose, Princess, choose, a wish incomparable." And Savitri cried out,

"Grant me the life of my dear Satyavan!" and Yama bowed assent and loosed the noose. Then Savitri sped back with feet made swift by love, and found her husband stretched upon the grass, and again she raised his head and coaxed the warm life back into his veins, and soon he wonderingly awoke,

"And like some wearied traveler returned
"From a long wandering in a distant land,
"In love, he gazed up in his darling's face."

Then in the darkening forest, that already echoed with the howls of jackals, arm-in-arm they went with slow steps back to the Hermitage; and so ends the 5th Canto.

But while these two were absent in the forest, the blind Dyumatsena suddenly received his sight, and, with his wife, set forth in anxious fear to seek the wanderers. But their search was in vain, and returning, sad and weary, they were surrounded by the blessed penitents, who comforted their troubled hearts, and prophesied, by all they held most dear, that Satyavan still lived. And lo! while they were yet speaking, Savitri appeared with her loved Satyavan. Then there was great rejoicing and an eager questioning, and when the truth was known, the virtue of Savitri seemed lovelier than ever, and the hermits were tired of telling the story over and over. And the king, once blind, but now restored to sight, gazed upon his daughter-in-law, whom he had learned to love when he could not see, and by whose loyalty he had received his vision. And so, in the midst of the "Penitence Forest," there were glad hearts and great joy; and so ends the 6th Canto.

Now, the word of Yama was fixed, and his promise could not fail, and he had said that the exile should return and rule once more in his own kingdom. The night was gone, and the sun's red disk had risen. The hermits made their morning sacrifice when into the forest home there came, post haste, messengers, who bore the glad tidings that the tyrant in the land of Chalva

had been overthrown, and that the people claimed their rightful king, whether he was blind or not.

"Thou art our king, and shalt reign over us,

"Yea, every man's desire is toward thee."

And the wagons and the host of elephants and horses stood ready, and the priests again anointed him king, and secured for his first-born the right of succession. * * * Years passed, and Aswapiti's fair wife bore him the "Hundred Sons" that Yama had foretold, valiant warriors and loving brothers; and of Savitri also there were sons, noble and true. So the whole house was restored and rescued from its sorrows by the virtue of the Princess Savitri.

"And he who hears the tale of Savitri,

"And with due reverence treasures up its words,

"He shall attain his soul's utmost desire,

"And live in happiness and free from pain."

And so ends the 7th and last Canto, in the Tale of Savitri.

* * * * *

This is a mere outline of the story and necessarily many of the daintiest touches can not be reproduced, but it is enough I think, to give one an idea of it and to bring out its most striking characteristic, its supreme *naïveté*. There is absolutely no attempt at artificial ornamentation of style. But what would impress the careful reader most of all is the absence of that stereotyped treatment of religious matters which is common in later times. The portrayal of man's frank and simple bearing towards the gods would be enough in itself to prove its great antiquity; in it we see the faith of man as it was before credulity began to take its place. Then, too, the picture that it gives of woman is strangely suggestive of those liberties which she enjoys to-day and relishes all the more perhaps because she thinks that her emancipation is strictly the growth of modern times—another instance of "repetition in history." Of course there are many things in the poem that are almost peculiar to India—its pictures of Hermit life in the great forest, the extreme

reverence for parents and the absolute devotion of the wife to her husband—but these only serve to give a local colouring and feed the imagination; they are like the mint marks which prove the genuineness of the coin. But above all these, there are many touches that are so simple and deep that they belong to all the world and to all time. It is their unity with the world thought, their freedom from what we call “dialectic marks,” that make us feel repaid for spending a few moments in listening to the story of Savitri.

Jesse Benedict Carter.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

AS IT IS ON EARTH.

A strong tree fell in the wood—
'Mid the roar of a stormy night—
'Mid the thunder and wind and rain;
But no one marked where it stood,
Where it fell in the furious fight,
And no one pitied its pain.

A strong man fell on the field,
'Mid the roar of a stormy life,
'Mid the hatred and sin and all;
But no one marked where he reeled,
Where he fell in the furious strife,
And no one mourned o'er his fall.

Frank McDonald.

THE TICKINGS OF AN OLD CLOCK.

It was not one of those spacious colonial mansions with their square rooms, gables and wide hall-ways; they are scarce and rarely found outside of fiction. The old house I am about to describe, while it dated back to the colony days, never was, nor pretended to be, anything but an humble farm-house. But it was the old homestead, and that, I suppose, is why its shingled sides, its uneven floors and square brick chimneys had for the family such a charm. And one room in particular was especially quaint—the old room in the west part, the only one besides the summer-kitchen in the rear and the bed-room in the attic, which Uncle Philip never used. For in this room the oak-beamed ceiling was lower, the great blackened fire-place was larger than in any of its neighbors in the newer part. Like the historic headquarters at Newburgh, nearby, it had seven doors and but two

windows, while there were other smaller doors to the little closets by the fire-place and to the cupboard in the corner. The windows had tiny panes and scratched initials supposed to have some historic connections. Uncle Philip used to say that a certain "H. B." was done by Harvey Birch himself; for right in this region was laid the story of Cooper's "Spy," and he would prove to his own, if to no one else's satisfaction, that this was a certain house which the author mentioned more than once.

But however this might be, in the corner stood an old mahogany clock, which we all knew had a history, for it bore across its brass face the inscription: "London, 1675." It had been in the family ever since and now came down to Uncle Philip, the old bachelor who dwelt all alone in the family homestead. We, the younger branch of the family, who only spent the summers in our country place near Uncle Philip's, esteemed the old heirloom highly. Our great uncle, on the other hand, laughed at our sentiment, evincing no affection for it, and being of very slender means, had more than once said gruffly, "You can have it for two hundred dollars." But though we often made offers of assistance, which the old man proudly refused, we never felt really able to pay any such price for the clock.

The eccentric old bachelor of seventy seldom showed any affection for us, nor in fact for anything, and I am afraid that altogether he was rather an unlovely character. I had pitied him for his lonely life and in return he did have at times a sort of rough liking for me. This dated back to the Sundays in my boyhood when I used to share his four o'clock dinner, for the lonely old man only troubled himself to cook two meals a day. And during my college vacations and such parts of the following summers as I spent in Crotonville, the clock itself did not show the word "Sunday" across its face more regularly than it saw me in the quaint old room.

But it was one week-day that I speak of when, dressed in old hunting clothes, I entered the house. It was early in the fall; I had been shooting, and it was my thought to leave a bird or two with Uncle Philip as I walked across the meadows home. The old man was reading as I came in and merely nodded while

I took a chair. I waited for some time for him to speak, but at length broke the silence myself with the words, "Hello, here are some people coming."

The old man was deaf and I had to repeat it, and then in a bewildered way he ran around in his stocking feet in search of his slippers and coat. Meanwhile, from the window I saw, to my surprise, that the visitors were what the village people would have called "Maintoppers," or boarders from "Hotel Maintop," a summer resort a few miles to the northeast. A coachman in livery was holding a span of stylish horses before a red-wheeled break, while a gentleman and lady were coming up the path. The former was a man of sixty perhaps, gray-whiskered and rather youthfully dressed. But no one could have said that his daughter was anything but charming—the dress of some white material fitted her to perfection, and the white hat and parasol all gave her a most dainty appearance. And as I looked again surely the blue eyes and the wavy-brown hair could belong to none other than Florence Mathews, a girl I had known, though but slightly, in the city.

As I looked at my rough, old clothes and my torn straw hat I would have escaped, but I knew that it would have been useless, as my uncle would have surely called me back. So putting the best face on the matter, I myself opened the door, was at once recognized by Miss Mathews and presented to her father and in return I introduced both the visitors to my great uncle.

"We came to see your house, sir, if you have no objection," said Mr. Mathews politely but rather pompously, "and the people in the village tell us that you have an old clock."

"Clock—clock—yes—how much do you say you'll give for it?" screamed my uncle, who like most deaf persons, talked very loud.

"But uncle, I don't think Mr. Mathews came here to buy it," said I reproachfully, and I sincerely hoped that he did not.

"Ah, but you don't know what relic-hunters we are," said Miss Mathews, laughing, and then to her father, "what a quaint old thing! really, papa, you must get it for me."

"But how about the price, my young lady?" said Mr.

Mathews good-humoredly, examining the clock through his glasses and comparing its time with his watch.

"Never mind that, only get it and I'll go without,—let me see ——"

"But really," I interposed, "it is an old family heir-loom which must stay in the family."

At this the daughter's face fell and she said, "Of course then we couldn't think of getting it." Mr. Mathews had paid no attention to my remark but was examining the weights inside. Uncle Philip, however, had unfortunately heard and turning toward me said crossly, "You have nothing to say about it,—I have told you folks many a time that you could have it for two hundred dollars,—but you and Henry think you'll wait till I die."

"I will give you two hundred for it," said Mr. Mathews carelessly, after an embarrassing silence.

"Oh papa, after what Mr. Barton has said," cried Miss Mathews.

But no such scruple entered the father's mind, and after some further stipulations, almost before I knew it he was writing out a check. In despair I made an offer of two hundred and fifty, but again in spite of the protests of his daughter Mr. Mathews coolly raised his sum to three hundred, and feeling that bidding was hopeless I gave the matter up. He arranged to have it packed and shipped the following day and father and daughter soon took their leave, the former with a brisk "good-day, sir," to me, but the latter with a gentle handshake as she said, "I'm sorry papa would buy the clock, but you must come and see it when we're all in town again."

I was so provoked with my uncle for selling the old time-piece that though leaving the birds upon the table, as I had intended, I stalked away without a word. The rest of the family were exceedingly put out and disappointed, and my brother, going to the gentleman's office in the city,—for the Mathews family had returned to town,—finally made an offer of nearly double the sum which the purchaser had originally paid. But all in vain,—“Money could not buy it now,” he said.

Uncle Philip had shown such eagerness to sell the clock that in my disgust I had almost resolved never to go to the house again. But as I knew the old man was in real need of money, I might have forgiven him had he manifested the least sorrow at parting with the old relic. And still I wanted to show that my little attentions all these years had not been for any mercenary end, and so as I walked to church the next Sunday I determined to go home with him as usual in the afternoon. But as I went along the shady village street judge of my surprise in meeting Uncle Philip himself, not in his Sunday suit of black but in his every-day clothes and with a market basket upon his arm. "Why Uncle Phil," I exclaimed, "what are you doing here, where are you going?"

"To the village, for the mail, of course," he muttered crossly.

"Why," said I, "don't you know it's Sunday?"

"Sunday?" he said in a bewildered way, "Sunday—well, well—why, I thought—but, Tom, my old clock's gone, and I can't tell," and the feeble old man actually began to sob. I took his arm and helped him home, and truly he needed my assistance. But when we reached his dwelling, instead of entering by the door into the west room he took me into the newer portion of the house. "I can't stand it in there without the clock," he said sadly. And all day long as I staid there he repeated this many times, and when at last I said good-bye, for I was to return to the city in the morning, his voice trembled as he said: "I won't see you again, the old clock's gone, and the old man will be going, too."

But the next morning, as I entered the depot, I was again surprised to see Uncle Philip, this time in his best broadcloth and his old-fashioned beaver hat. "Going to town, going to get the old clock back," he said in reply to my astonished inquiry. "Never cashed it," and he showed me Mr. Mathew's check.

I could not tell him that his journey was useless; I felt that his pleadings might succeed where our offers had failed, and I determined to beg that the clock should be returned at least as long as the old man lived. He seemed bewildered at the novelty of the journey, for he had not left Crotonville for many years.

The sights and the sounds of the city were almost too much for him and as we stood upon the steps of the Mathews mansion the feeble old man had to lean on me for support.

The butler opened the door. Spying the old clock in the hall my uncle ran towards it with a joyful cry. Then he sank into a chair and no words of mine could draw him away. "Miss Mathews was at home," the butler said, and I waited by the stairway to tell the pathetic story. She came down very quickly and I thought her lovelier than ever. "Poor, poor, old man!" she said, the tears coming into her eyes, "who ever thought he cared so much about it! Have it back?—he shall have it back this very day!"

She went towards the old man, who was still staring at the clock. She spoke to him very gently, forgetting, I suppose, that he was deaf. There was no response and she touched his outstretched hand. Suddenly she started back in alarm and then we both understood. The journey, the excitement,—all had been too much, for though the clock ticked on as it had for two hundred years, the heart of the feeble old man had ceased to beat.

Perhaps this sad scene should have closed this little story; you know I am writing the clock's history and not my own. But one thing is still to be told, for though Mr. Mathews had said that money could not buy the old clock, yet it did come back to the family after all in quite another way. For I came to know the sweet, kind-hearted girl very well that winter; and one evening as I said good-night, the old clock in the hallway must have heard some tenderly whispered words. At any rate it is with us now in our little home; and as I write these words and Florence smiles at me from her rocker by the fire, I can hear the old clock ticking in the corner.

Edward James Patterson.

THE SAD PLIGHT OF MR. JOSIAH DAWSON.

The long summer day was drawing to its close, and the spiritual shadows of the trees stretched themselves full length along the dusty road.

The evening zephyrs, as they floated along, gently caressed the parched leaves, whispering to them fickle promises to carry the long-looked-for rain when they should return the next day.

The little brook, winding its devious way through the meadow, by the roots of the overhanging willows, and into the shadows of the slimy arches of the old stone bridge, gurgled and rippled as it tumbled over the pebbles.

Josiah Dawson tranquilly gazed on the peaceful scene, as he sat on a broad rider of the precarious snake-fence that served as the boundary between the rich meadow land and the desolate wheatfield, that had recently been shorn of all its glistening locks by the cruel hand of the reaper.

Mr. Dawson's face wore a contented expression as he sat there and whittled away at a little willow branch. Everything had gone well with him this season. It had been "fine hayin' weather;" the wheat crop had surpassed all expectation; the oats had safely weathered a slight attack of rust, and now nestled on the bosom of the hay in the huge mows of his overstocked barn; and, concerning the prospect of corn, he had but to look up to the side of the hill and see the tall stalks that rose and sank in graceful swells, like a green sea almost stilled in a calm, to know that when "huakin'-time" arrived, the corn harvest would not fall behind the others.

The scattered drove of sleek, well-fed cattle silently wandering across the meadow, through the bars, and into the narrow lane that led to the barn-yard, under the tutelage of the well-trained shepherd-dog, "Bounce," seemed emblematic to Mr. Dawson of his good fortune, and slowly the realization that there was but one thing wanting to make his home a well-rounded Arcadia, stole over him.

Very many times that summer he had wondered if it would

not be a good idea to hunt around the neighborhood a little, and see if he could not find someone who would be willing to share his hand and fortune.

Somehow or other the heart did not enter into Josiah's calculations. He was too practical a man to entertain any speculations concerning such an uncertain quantity, and too simple to try to analyze so subtle and elusive a feeling as love. Love, to him, represented some strange malady with which certain members of the human family were afflicted, and to be considered in much the same manner as an attack of measles or mumps.

Old Daniel Moore, the oracle of the neighborhood, and authority on all ventures, financial, religious, and matrimonial, sized up Josiah's character pretty well to a knot of farmers at the store down at the "Corners."

"Yes, that 'air man, Josh Dawson, is ther steadiest young feller 'bout these whole parts. He's got the makin' of a fine man, I tell yer; minds me consid'able of my roan mare that I got down to Simond's sale nigh to ten years ago when she was a colt. Left her out in my back medder fur a couple of years and one day brought her inter ther lane, put the gears onter her and without no trouble at all druve her off jist like she's an old plow-leader. She did'nt try on no capers nur go careenin 'bout like most three-year-olds, but frum that day ter this she's served me well through thick and thin.

"Now, that's jist ther way with Josh Dawson. He hain't got no time ter go a foolin' round like most young snips that dresses up spick and span and goes out courtin', then gets married afore they's got any money and lives on a rented farm as poor as church mice, fur the rest of their lives. No, when Josh gits ready ter git hitched, he'll jist go off and ax ther gal that he thinks'll suit and there's an end ter ther hull matter."

By the time the willow branch had almost disappeared under the keen edge of the knife, Mr. Dawson had determined to place himself in the matrimonial market, and, being a man of action, resolved to complete the deal that very evening. So

leaping down from the fence he set off to finish up the chores at the barn and prepare for the momentous visit.

About five miles from Mr. Dawson's farm lay the broad acres of 'Squire Abram Young. There, in a rambling old farm-house, dwelt the 'Squire and his two daughters.

Miss Susan, the elder, was a maiden of about twenty-four years, very dignified and modest, and had a reputation of being the most exemplary young lady for miles around. This damsel was the one that Josiah had resolved to marry and thus acquire a valuable acquisition to his property.

Miss Cynthia was several years younger, and though greatly resembling her sister in appearance, yet differed from her in so much as she was full of fun and frolic and was much sought after by the gay young swains of the country.

Josiah had watched her from afar for some time past, and had regarded her actions with dissatisfaction, coming to what he considered the wise resolution that she was entirely too "skittish" for the wife of a sensible farmer.

It was quite dark when Josiah Dawson drove into the 'Squire's wagon-shed and hitched his big gray horse to the "Dutchman" at the end of a hay wagon.

Josiah was dressed for the occasion.

He wore a new suit that his mother, with the aid of Miss Abigail Smithson, the seamstress from the "Corners," had fashioned so well that when he had put it on and paraded himself before them, Miss Abigail declared, "it was the cunningest thing that she ever seen and that it fitted him to a T." His big cowhide boots were freshly greased, as the remnants of tallow between the soles and uppers could testify, and he wore a great red necktie over which he had laboured a long time.

Meeting the Squire at the back-gate he responded to his "How-de-dew," and walked in with him toward the house.

"Come to see the gals, eh? Wall I reckon you'll find Susan on the front poarch; she ginerally sots down thar arter the milkin's done—ter see the fellers drive by, I tell her."

The Squire entered the kitchen, leaving Josiah to find his way to the front porch. Mr. Dawson felt a little timid about ven-

turing out on this unknown sea, but he had determined to make a beginning and an end on this evening, so thrusting his huge hands in his pockets, he proceeded around the house and upon the piazza.

There sat Miss Young, only her outline showing in the deep shadow.

"Good evenin', Miss Young," said Josiah, advancing awkwardly.

Miss Young gave a slight shriek of surprise, then recognizing her visitor quickly regained her self-possession and greeted him.

"Why, Mr. Dawson, I am very glad to see you. Were you looking for father?"

"No, I jist seen him and thought I'd kinder drop round here see as how you was a gittin' along."

"Take a chair, Mr. Dawson; there's one over there by the post."

"No, thankee, Miss Young, guess I'll jist squat here on the steps; seems more comfortable like. Fine evenin' this?"

"Yes, very pleasant."

"Kinder warmish though," said Josiah, wiping the perspiration from his brow with a big bandana.

"Yes, a little," volunteered Miss Young.

Silence for a few minutes, broken only by the dismal croaking of a colony of frogs in the swamp down by the creek.

"I wonder if it's likely ter rain termorrer?" said Mr. Dawson finally, looking reflectively up through the trees at the twinkling stars.

"I really couldn't say, Mr. Josiah! it's been some time since we've had any, hasn't it?"

"Yes," was Josh's response.

Conversation languished for some time, now and then brightening a little like a spluttering candle in a dark room, then dying away leaving every thing in obscurity.

At length Josiah nerved himself for the great effort and resolved to "pop the question."

Secretly slipping between his capacious jaws a little morsel of

tobacco and giving his trousers a hitch or two, he began in a solemn and rather awed tone :

"Miss Young?"

"Yes."

"I've been kinder thinkin' lately—"

"Indeed."

"Yes, Miss Young, I've been a thinkin', seein' that every-thing's turned out remarkable well for me this season, crops bein' good and times encouragin' like, and seein' that I'm a gettin' along so well and marm is gettin' old and not so spry as she uster be, that it'd be a good thing for me to git married ter some likely young lady in these parts."

"Indeed, Mr. Dawson."

"Yes, Miss Young. So I kinder cast my eyes around and not seein' no one that I liked—exceptin' *one*—I made up my mind ter come 'round and see her."

Then rising to his feet he continued :

"Miss Young, you was the gal that I've liked ever sence I was knee-high ter a grasshopper. Will you be my wife?"

"Oh, Mr. Dawson! this is so sudden."

Josiah approached her chair and leaning over said, in what was meant to be a confidential tone, "Miss Young, you're the only gal that I ever could keer fur at all. When I am pickin' potatoes, or a milkin' or a plowin'—it don't make no difference—I am allus a thinkin' of you. Won't you come to my house and help chirp things up some for me and marm?"

"But this is so sudden, Mr. Dawson."

"I can't help it, Miss Young. I hain't like most chaps that go a sparkin' all the time, and I hain't onter ther ways of females much, but I knows who I likes and who I don't, so won't you marry me?"

This last appeal was too much for Miss Young, and the walls about her heart broke down and streams of love gushed forth toward Josiah.

She had known him for a long time, though not intimately, and well realized in what esteem the farmers about the country held him, and she had secretly admired his upright character

and rather retired life, so lifting her eyes toward him she softly whispered, "Yes, Josiah."

Mr. Dawson's conquest was made and there only remained the task of acquainting the family of the fact. Hand-in-hand the betrothed entered the dark sitting-room, through the little hall and on out to the kitchen where the family were congregated about the dining-table, reading.

Their entrance occasioned quite a commotion and the Squire, looking up from the "Weekly Democrat," exclaimed, "Why Josh!"

"Yes, Squire," began Josiah with a hesitating smile on his tanned face, "you see Miss Susan and I have sort of come ter terms and made—"

"Susan?" cried the Squire.

"Why, yes, I—I—" then turning toward his betrothed, a look of mixed astonishment and horror overspread Josiah's countenance, for by his side stood Miss *Cynthia* Young. He had proposed to the wrong girl.

J. McGill White.

"NOW CAME STILL EVENING ON."

The golden light from out the West
Behind the trees is fading,
The campus lawn is wrapt in dusk
Beneath the buildings' shading.

As here and there a star appears
Amid the Heavens gleaming,
Now here, now there from out the walls
A lamp begins its beaming.

The footsteps fall on walks below
As little groups are passing,
While overhead the strength of night
Is slowly, darkly massing.

The long light slants across the elms
To music of their sighing,
While from Old North the tolling bell
Proclaims the day is dying.

E. J. Patterson.

DEACON BECKWITH'S BURGLAR.

The little village of Shadyville was in a flurry of excitement. Burglars were coming. Deacon Beckwith, the most learned and trusted citizen of the village, had just returned from an errand to Sanville, the neighboring railroad station, where he had heard startling stories of how that thriving borough had been infested by a gang of house-breakers for a week past. The police force (consisting of a one-legged soldier and his faithful yellow dog) was powerless. The people were at the mercy of the burglars.

Quaking with fear at these terrible tales, Deacon Beckwith started on his perilous homeward journey. Scarcely had he gotten out of sight and protection of Sanville, when he saw two men at some distance ahead of him, on the Shadyville road. Each man was carrying something—either a valise or small box. To Deacon Beckwith's excited imagination there was no doubt as to their identity. They were a detachment of the robber gang, sent out to secure the valuables of Shadyville. Else why had they those suspicious-looking boxes in their hands—without doubt containing their burglar-tools? The few remaining hairs on the good Deacon's bald head stood erect at this horrible thought. He glanced back—Sanville was lost to view; but it was not far. He could return and seek her protecting shelter. But no. He would not be a coward. Shadyville was in danger. He would hasten on and warn his neighbors of their peril. The hazard was great, but when he thought of his dear old wife and only son alone at home (the only son was a youth of some thirty-five summers) he took heart. "It's two against one," thought the Deacon, "but if the old nag stands by me, I'll soon leave them in the distance." With this consoling thought he plied his whip, and dashed into the jaws of death! Nearer, nearer, but the wayfarers paid no heed. Now they hear his creaking wheels, and are giving the road. The Deacon plies the whip vigorously once more, looks neither to the right or the left, and is soon past the travelers and safely hid behind the next hill. "A narrow escape," reflects the Deacon, as he wipes

the sweat off his brow, and pulls up a little to give the nag a rest. He instinctively feels for his watch, and is astonished to find it still in its accustomed place.

Arrived at Shadyville, soon all the villagers are gathered round him, and listening with bulging eyes and trembling knees to the Deacon as he relates his thrilling adventures. A few doubters are silenced by the details concerning the suspicious-looking boxes which the burglars carried. Windows are nailed down, doors are barred, then the assault is awaited in fear and trembling.

This was the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant that the quiet peace of Shadyville had been threatened. Nestling sleepily between the green hills, and all but hidden from the outside world, the dozen houses which made up the little hamlet had, up to this time, escaped the depredations of the burglar. But occasional stories of the daring and awful deeds of this dangerous class had reached the ears of the unsophisticated villagers, and one of their number, Samantha Martin, had actually read a book once, when visiting with a relative at a distance, which bore the awe-inspiring title of,

THE CONFESSIONS OF A BURGLAR;

OR

THE DARING DEEDS OF DAN THE DAUNTLESS.

Samantha was a great heroine on account of this experience, and whenever she condescended to relate some of the soul-harrowing achievements of the dauntless Dan to a coterie of her female companions—stories rendered more and more thrilling by being oft repeated and receiving new and alarmingly frightful acquisitions from the lively imagination of Samantha, at each telling—hands would go up in amazement, faces would grow long, and such approving little exclamations as “dew tell,” “you don’t say,” “just to think,” would come at each climax in the story, from the admiring and almost spell-bound little gathering.

At Deacon Beckwith’s, a close watch had been kept all the afternoon and evening, and now as dusk grew into night and the supper dishes were cleared away, the old gentleman looked to

the doors and windows for the hundredth time, and prepared to watch the first half of the night. His son John was to relieve him at one o'clock, and keep guard the rest of the night. Good old Mrs. Beckwith could not think of going to bed so long as "he" was up, so the old couple watched out the long hours together before the wide open fireplace. The old gentleman attempted to smoke his pipe, but it was a dismal failure. Then he sat restlessly before the fire, seeing burglars and ghosts and spooks dancing promiscuously in their fantastic glee in the flickering flame, until some noise—the wind playing in the shutters or what not—would bring the Deacon to himself again, and a realizing sense of his perilous situation would come over him, bringing big drops of cold perspiration to his wrinkled brow. Mrs. Beckwith attempted to knit, but had to give it up, her fingers trembled so—she said it was the "rheumatics," although the good soul had not seen a sick day for many a year—then she, too, fell to watching the fantastic shapes in the fire.

Deacon Beckwith drew a long breath—a breath of longed-for but scarcely hoped-for relief, when the tall clock in the hallway at last struck one. He got up from his chair before the fire, carefully, noiselessly, and went stealthily to his son's room. He found that young man enjoying himself thoroughly. Lying flat upon his back on the double decked and lofty feather bed (a luxury known to old-fashioned country life) and immersed in its downy depths so deeply that only his grizzly head and much bewhiskered countenance, looking, in the dim light, like the big end of a feather duster, was visible, his sonorous and regularly recurring snore bore abundant evidence of dreams undisturbed by environments, however dangerous.

"The dear boy," thought the old man, as the rays of the lamp fell on the peaceful and, to him, handsome countenance of his darling offspring, "it's a shame to wake him." "I'll let him sleep," and he started back; but he was turned from his resolve by his wife, who appeared at that moment and insisted that he take some rest. Then he sat the lamp down and went up to the bed and shook his son, gently at first, then harder and harder—he did not dare to call out loud enough to awake

him. John rubbed his eyes with his rough fist, sat up in bed, muttered something about "wakin' a feller up when he's havin' such comfortable dreams," and then rolled lazily out of bed. As he dressed, the old man gave instructions as to how John was to act in case the burglars came, concluding with a last admonition that at the first alarm John was to "be sure and call your father at once, and don't forget, whatever else you do." John mumbled and grumbled something about "spilin' all this good sleep for nothin'," and "only imagination," and "he wasn't afeared of burglars," but the old gentleman attributed his astonishing conduct to his drowsy condition, and consoled himself only with the remark that "he'd better watch right close if he wanted to save his bacon, and not have his poor old father and mother murdered in cold blood before his very eyes."

Deacon Beckwith hung his coat over the foot-post of the old-fashioned bed and then carefully placed his hat on the top of the same post, over the coat—"in case I should need them in a hurry," he exclaimed. Then he went to the kitchen and brought a large piece of stove wood and laid it within easy reach of the bed—"in case of emergency," he further explained.

The tall clock in the hallway ticked loudly. Deacon Beckwith breathed heavier, heavier, his wife responded with longer and now longer respirations, and presently both were sound asleep. The belated moon stole up from behind the distant horizon, peeped in Deacon Beckwith's bed-room window and over the foot of the bed, casting its bright rays full in the restless countenance of the old gentleman. He dreamed. He saw burglars in his dreams—the self-same burglars he had seen on the highway. He is again on his homeward journey from Sanville. Now he has passed the burglars again, and he looks back to see if all is safe. Alas! they are in hot pursuit. He turns and plies the lash vigorously, but they still gain on him. Faster, faster, they come, with hair disheveled, wild-eyed, mouths opened, long white teeth that look like hooks, ghastly, grinning, gaudy, ghoulis, jumping, dancing, floating above the earth, in one hand a small box, the other hand wav-

ing, shaking, and—can it be true?—yes—dripping with blood—"Blood—blood—blood," whispers the frightened Deacon, and opens wide his eyes. Ah! alas! It is only too true. The burglars are upon him. There is one of them at the very foot of his bed—hat, shoulders, crouching low, as if to spring. "I'll fix him," mutters the Deacon, and reaches for the fire-wood. He raises himself, the wood circles over his head—shash!—bang!

Deacon Beckwith and his devoted wife are brought to the floor beneath an entanglement of quilts, pillows and bed-posts with a suddenness well calculated to dispel all dreams, pleasant or otherwise. John, awakened from a comfortable nap before the cozy fire, rushes in, lamp in hand. "Pa, pa, where be ye?" he shouts. The old gentleman is heard from the region of the heap of bed clothes, accompanied by the wailing of his frightened wife, "Look out for burglars! They're in the room! I just fetched one of them with that stick of wood. Run, run, call the neighbors!"

John sees no burglars; but what he does see—the rampant chaos of his father's bed-room—is sufficient to convince him that burglars, or something equally dangerous, are not far distant. With a wild yell, he rushes out to awaken the neighbors. Aid soon arrives. Half-dressed and quaking men, armed with old muskets, shot-guns, axes and clubs, trembling women, carrying brooms, dusters, fire-pokers, rush to the rescue of their beloved neighbors. They gather in front of the house, guards are stationed at the doors and windows, then a bold *posse* of young men, with John in the van—the pride of the old men, the envy of the youths, admired and applauded by the young women—taking their lives in their hands, sally gallantly into the doomed house, prepared to rescue the old couple or die at their post of duty. John leads the way to the chamber where the old people are imprisoned. A moment's hesitation, a last glance backward, a last farewell wave of the hand, and the door is thrown open.

Yell! Shriek! Yell! Shriek! muffled, indistinct, weird. Somebody strikes a match. No burglars. A very much entangled heap of bedclothes, which seems alive with frenzied motion, is

the sole cause for fear that falls on the vision of the astonished rescuers. Presently a head appears from the heap, disappears, appears again.

"Pa, be ye alive?"

"Ye—Yes. That is—er—but look out for that burglar!"

"Where's any burglar?"

"Why, ain't there one there?—I fetched him with that stick of wood."

Meanwhile someone has found Deacon Beckwith's hat, with the huge stick of wood lying upon it, crushed almost beyond recognition. The bedpost is shattered to splinters, and the Deacon's best coat is in a sad plight.

"Why, Pa, what smashed your hat?"

"Uh? What's that you say? My hat? Sho'. Well I never. I thought my own hat was the burglar."

Edwin M. Norris.

THE SONG OF BARBERINE.

TRANSLATED FROM ALFRED DE MUSSET.

My gallant young soldier, you're off for the war;
But wherefore so far
From your native soil?

Night comes on apace: it grows dark as I speak;
And this life you would seek
Is but trouble and toil.

Alas! you believe that a love left behind,
Dismissed from the mind,
Will fade in a day.

And forget that the glory you win from your arms,
No less than love's charms,
Will vanish away.

My gallant young soldier, you're off for the war;
But wherefore so far
Would you hasten away?

I, whom you flattered with loving deceit,
Whose smile was so sweet,
I entreat you to stay.

M'Creedy Sykes.

EDITORIAL.

WE TAKE pleasure in announcing the election as Treasurer of Mr. Robert P. Jack, of Illinois.

CONTRIBUTIONS for the June LIT. will be due June 1st, 1893.

PROSPECTIVE AND OTHERWISE.

AS THE '94 LIT. board assumes control for a brief time of this magazine, whose history runs back of the time when our fathers were in college, so that it is the oldest distinctively student organization we have, the editors feel the responsibility that has been placed upon them. The flattering notices of our exchanges continue to place the LIT. at the head of college periodicals, and we trust that our contributors will maintain for the magazine the high standard of previous years.

Everyone knows that the college monthly has become something very different from what it used to be, and that stories and sketches have to a large extent supplanted the essays of former years. The reason for this is often given as lying in the fact that undergraduate essays on serious themes are not apt to amount to much. Yet this is hardly satisfactory, inasmuch as it is tacitly implied that these same undergraduates can and will produce creditable stories, as if the writing of a story required less talent or less experience than the making of an essay. We may rather account for the lighter tone of present college magazines by the fact that people will read mediocre stories where they will not read mediocre essays. Now whatever ideals editors may have they must give the public something that they will read.

With this in view we may take a rational position in regard to essays and other more solid productions. A good essay that everyone will read and which is so well carried out that no one will shut the book until he has read it through, is perhaps the ideal article for a college magazine. To our contributors we would say "Read such writers as Lowell and John Fiske. Try to catch something of their light touch. Think about your subject until you can write as if you were talking, and don't, under any circumstances or on any pretext, ever write unless you have something to say that has not been said before. Shun triteness as you would shun a pestilence." We want more essays than we have been having, but we want essays that people will read.

So, while it is evident that Ninety-four will make no radical change in policy, we may say a word or two in regard to the coming year. The Contributor's Club, under the excellent management of its editors, has proved the wisdom of assigning a separate department to lighter and shorter work. But it has seemed to many that there existed no department for *communications* of a literary and critical character—open letters, discussions on published articles or on lectures—letters which are not exactly suited to the *Princetonian* and which are hardly elaborate enough for a set article. We shall be very glad to insert such communications in the Contributor's Club and thus make, in addition to the present function of that department, what might be called an open court for general discussion.

The Gossip and Editor's Table are so firmly established and have become so successful that no one could desire a change. The Book Reviews may be made a trifle more gossipy, as this important department ought to be one of the most interesting features of the magazine.

We express our sincere thanks to the Ninety-three editors for their kindness in explaining the workings of the various departments to the incoming board. A lack of this has sometimes rendered the work of a new board very onerous, so that an entire change in the *personnel* of the management has impaired the effectiveness of the magazine.

We would emphatically remind all men trying for the board,

and especially Freshmen, of the importance of beginning work at once. The experience of past boards has rarely failed to furnish an example of good men who have missed an election at the last moment simply because they have neglected working until too late. Other things being equal, in placing men on the board the preference will always be given to those who have worked steadily from the beginning. We are particularly disappointed in '95. This large class, which has had such a brilliant record along other lines, has done scarcely any literary work. If the present dearth of material continues the number of editors for next year will have to be reduced.

Our esteemed contemporaries are enjoying a prosperous growth. The *Princetonian* has successfully solved the problem of running a daily paper, and our only wonder is how we got along without it before. Its recent experiment in literary criticism seems hardly within the province of a daily newspaper, but, with the growth of the college, and, perhaps, an increase in the *Princetonian's* working staff, it will undoubtedly soon be able to fill its columns more exclusively with news. The *Princetonian*, in a recent issue, kindly favored us with certain suggestions as to the management of the LIT. for the coming year. We gratefully acknowledge these useful directions, and have posted them in a conspicuous place in the Sanctum.

Our merry friend, the *Tiger*, continues to show us the lighter side of life; may he long continue his playful growl.

And so, realizing that the year is still before us, and remembering the saying of the ancient warrior, "Let not him that putteth on the harness boast himself as he that taketh it off," the LIT. greets all its friends, old and new, as it leaves a clear half century behind it, and enters on its fifty-second year.

PRIZES.

THE following prizes are offered for the coming year: A prize of ten dollars, to be announced in the November number, for the best essay; open to the whole college.

A prize of ten dollars, to be announced in the January number, for the best story ; open to the whole college.

A prize of ten dollars, to be announced in the March number ; open only to under-classmen. This innovation is made to encourage under-classmen in literary work, by giving them a clear field, without the handicap of competing with men of longer training. Of course, under-classmen are also earnestly requested to try for the other prizes as well.

A prize of ten dollars, to be announced in the April number, to be awarded to the man who shall have written the best poetry of the year. This prize will not be awarded for less than three poems, and cannot be taken by default. It is open to the whole college.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

THE attention of our readers is particularly directed to the advertisements in this magazine. Our advertisers are in most cases men who have been dealing with our student body for several years ; they know their wants, and it is perfectly apparent that as they expect to hold the students' trade in the future they can not afford to work off inferior goods or to charge exorbitant rates. It is surely not assuming too much to say that if a man stops to think about it he would rather deal with a merchant who takes sufficient interest in the college to advertise in its periodicals and who knows that he must give good service to hold its trade.

The new advertisements are those of carefully selected firms, and the patronage of our readers is earnestly solicited in their behalf. It is especially recommended to men running into New York or Philadelphia at any time to look over our advertising pages beforehand.

THE SPENCER TRASK LECTURE COURSE.

IN publicly acknowledging our indebtedness to Mr. Trask at Professor Boyesen's lecture the other evening, Dean Murray fittingly expressed the sentiment of the college. When last year passed by with a single lecture we wondered if the course were to be thus suddenly checked. This year, however, there has been no cause for complaint. It is difficult to imagine a better selection of lecturers than Mr. Crawford and Professors Fiske and Boyesen. Their lectures covered such a varied range of topics, and so happily complemented each other, as to give cause for congratulation. Professor John Fiske especially was a welcome visitor; and so great was our pleasure in listening to the man who is probably the finest American scholar of the century, that we sincerely hope that it may not be considered too radical a departure if we ask for the privilege of listening to him again next year.

CORNELL.

WE congratulate Cornell upon her adoption of the new system of conducting examinations, but we regret exceedingly the establishment there of a permanent court for the trial of offenders. A permanent court is a standing confession of weakness, and we hope that our sister college will soon remove this excrescence from an otherwise praiseworthy system.

A WORD ABOUT THE NEW EXAMINATION SYSTEM.

THE new system of examinations, which, after its recent adoption north of Mason and Dixon's line, bids fair to become known as the "Princeton system," has been so thoroughly discussed that we do not intend to go over it again. It is probably

true that there is quite a wide-spread sentiment in college in favor of abolishing the pledge. In drawing a comparison between the pledge which we sign and the oath taken by a witness, Prof. Ormond has, we think, offered the happiest interpretation of the pledge. While we always expect a man to speak the truth, yet on some occasions the interests of society require that we should be particularly careful in telling the truth. So, as we consider it no imputation on our honour to be asked as witnesses to take an oath or affirmation, neither should the student feel that his honour is impeached if he is asked on such an important occasion to make a declaration that will impress him and keep him constantly reminded of the services and urgent nature of the trust reposed in him.

With such a courteous and dignified expression of the attitude of the Faculty, it seems almost ungracious to continue the suggestion of further action. And yet there is a deep-rooted feeling—so deep-rooted that it would be dishonourable to conceal it—a feeling that there is a certain indication of a relatively low sense of honour in assuming that a man is bound by his word, but is not bound by that subtle and intangible thing that we call Honour. We have respect for the man of whom we say that he will not do a mean thing because he has given his word; but we have more respect for the man whom, though he has not given his word, we *know* to be incapable of it because it is mean. It requires no more than a normal sense of honour for a man to stand by his word; but when we find a thousand men who, whether they have given their word or not, will not, though the heavens fall, swerve by so much as the estimation of a hair from the path of honour, then, and not till then, will we have really raised the moral tone of the college.

To recur to the illustration of the witness' oath. Three things are here contemplated. First, that in case of falsehood, the State may be able to prosecute for perjury. Second, that in matters of detail the witness may not confuse impressions and things which he remembers vaguely with facts which he positively knows. It is manifest that in neither of these requirements does the analogy hold. It is applicable only to the

third object of the oath, namely, that the witness may be fortified by this solemn precaution against deliberate falsehood. Now we must remember that in an ordinary judicial proceeding the witnesses are taken from all sections of the community—they are often unknown men, and what ideas they may have of right and wrong no man can tell. But if one of the counsel engaged in the case wish to testify to some incidental matter, then the traditions of professional courtesy dispense in his case with the obligation of the oath. We hope that in course of time the position of the student may come to be looked upon as analogous to that of the known and trusted counsel rather than to that of the unknown witness.

Such, we doubt not, will ultimately be the plan adopted at our examinations. But there is no necessity for undue haste, and having already gone so far we can afford to wait.

GOSSIP.

Under a campus tree,
 Who loves to lie with me?
 * * * * *
 Then shall we be
 Free from ennui,
 From physics, or rough lecture.

—*Anonymous.*

THE day is warm, the Gossip has been taking a good, dull, lazy browse on the front campus, and—well, to sum up everything—it's so comfortable there!

But he has been warned that, somehow, awkwardly as it may prove to be, he must get through his initial bow to the public before the afternoon mail goes out.

So he slowly rises, takes a good stretch, shoves his hands into his trouser pockets, and idly saunters toward the sanctum.

Certainly indoors on a spring afternoon is no place to be. The room feels dull and flat, and the sharp whack of the "grounder" fiend's bat is so tantalizing. Every nerve in your body tingles to get outside, if, indeed, May nerves can be said to possess that amount of energy.

The Gossip picks up the most comfortable chair in the sanctum, carefully brushes away the dust, cocks his feet on the table, and tries to find somewhere some imagination—you know, there never was a Gossip without an imagination.

This is the time of the year when the sound of the base-ball is heard in the land. It is the month of the first great game. The teams are at last working into good shape, and the ball cranks—indeed, all of us, are scanning the papers jealously for scores, although wiseacres do say that they show nothing.

What a town Princeton is, anyway, on the day of a big game! The stores, streets and telegraph poles are all decked with orange banners and bunting. Even early in the morning the sidewalks are crowded, and everything is in a hubbub.

By all odds, the proper way to go to a game is to go alone, or, at least, with your fellows. The word girls has a very nice sound—but, if you'll resist it, you won't have to sit up all night for those grand-stand seats. Besides, if anything should happen to go wrong there is plenty of room on the bleachers to air your opinions.

Yes, the way to go is to go on the bleachers. One has to eat a nervous, hasty lunch, and hurry down to get tickets, and then wait in the hot, dusty road for the gates to open—but it pays, nevertheless.

When at last the old red gates do swing wide, with a roar of joy you and the rest of the eager crowd push forward, overcome the struggling

policemen, and, tickets or no tickets, run wildly down along the picket fence, through the tunnel, and scramble for the top row, there to sit through sultry, feverish hours until the appearance of the teams.

Who can describe that long, nervous wait, the dull buzz of the bleachers, the clouds of tobacco smoke, and the sharp cries of the small boy, "Score cards for the game! Correct score cards!"

How you crack jokes to your nearest neighbor, and how he cracks jokes to you! and neither of you pay the slightest attention, but you must say something, must do something, though you can't move.

Suddenly there is a commotion at the main gate. All eyes are strained toward a long yellow 'bus. It drives hurriedly up, and a dozen blue or crimson-emblazoned men, as the case may be, jump out.

Then, at the other end of the field, there is another dull roar. Our nine is out at last, and the preliminary practice will begin.

Old William of Orange, perhaps, would not be proud of the street which bears his honored name in March, but what a road it is after the game! The long line of pretty girls in their new summer gowns, the joyous, horn-blowing Freshmen, the hilarious Alumni, the wagon-loads cheering as they rattle by, all in a cloud of dust, all good-natured and happy.

By six in the evening the special trains have left, and most of the visitors are gone. By eight Princeton is getting to the height of its rejoicing. The campus is one huge delirious jumble of bon-fires, red lights and fire-crackers. Here and there are knots of people drawn together in little circles, with effusive Alumni speakers in the centre. Noisy processions march the walks, singing and cheering to the glories of Old Nassau.

Or else, if the day has been hard with us, we gather in each other's rooms, disconsolately to talk over the game, and, though we don't mean to, to count up the big and all the little "ifs." There is a strange, exquisite pleasure to be gained from these painful "ifs," and, no matter how often the conversation is changed, it always manages to revert to them.

Finally, in despair, we rush out to wander through the gloomy entries, or to seek sympathy from the calm old elms. All across the grass the dark, uncertain shadows form fantastic net-works, which dance up and down as the branches wave, and in the peaceful light somehow we forget our grief, and soon gain courage for another battle.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

" Should you ask me, whence these stories?
 Whence these legends and traditions,
 With the odors of the forest,
 With the dew and damp of meadows,
 With the rushing of great rivers?
 * * * * *

" I should answer, I should tell you,
 ' From the forests and the prairies,
 ' From the great lakes of the northland,
 ' From the land of the Ojibways,
 ' From the land of the Dakotas,
 ' From the mountains, moors and fern-lands.' "

—*Longfellow.*

HOW much of the charm of our modern, present-day literature is due to its naturalness, that element by virtue of which is reflected in undimmed perspective the life that we live and that surrounds us?

The Table does not wish to be understood here as eulogizing in glittering generalities what is sometimes called "the realistic movement," that which has become such a hackneyed subject of unlimited praise and for the discussion of which so small an amount of literary knowledge seems to be necessary. Still less is the Table lauding that worse than folly which is styled by its professed adherents "Materialism," a title which Zola, Jules Clartie and their fellows have invented as a flimsy cloak for their multitude of sins. Far otherwise! By *naturalness* the Table means simply the representation of modern men and modern women, their lives and their surroundings—with that careful attention to detail that results in such strongly-drawn characters, such graphic descriptions as are given us by Howells, Miss Wilkins, Davis, Kipling, Stevenson, Crawford, Miss Murfree, James, Conan Doyle, Bret Harte and all the rest that we know so well, and the appearance of whose names in our magazines we hail with such delight.

What real men these naturalists (if so the Table may call them) draw! Silas Lapham, Van Bibber, Oakhurst and all the rest; we know them all and we pass them by the score in the well-dressed, hurrying crowds on Broadway; we see them in every railway train, every hotel, every place of business; we even pass them on the campus or chat with them in our rooms. And their women! They, too, Daisy Miller, Jane Field and Eleanor Vernon, are all the delightfully real, flesh-and-blood women that Gibson and Du Maurier draw, and that are our mothers, sisters and—friends.

A great deal of this truth to nature, this strong laying on of what someonespeak of as the "local colouring," that constitutes what the Table

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has called naturalism, seems to be directly traceable to the influence of our first great American writer, Hawthorne, the observant. It is the magical naturalness with which his characters and scenes are treated that has given him the high rank assigned him by all critics. Ever since his day this tendency has been growing, especially in American literature, but also steadily, though slowly, in that of "the other side," as it is now fashionable to call England and the Continent. Here we see it most strongly marked in Barrie and Hardy and Kipling, and, the Table has sometimes thought, even in the daintily beautiful descriptions of the best French writers of the day. In such progressive periodicals as *The English Magazine*, in the fiction, the tales of travel and the essays, this naturalism is very evident, taking on a strong, healthy form, such as reminds one of our own *Scribner's* and *Century*.

The Table considers the growing tendency to this natural treatment in our college magazines of to-day one of the best signs of the times. It shows a far more observant, keen and wide-awake spirit of thought than could be found anywhere, a few years ago, when in the same periodicals the fiction was worse than dry, and the essays were the labored discussions or philosophical themes that past college *Lit.* boards were afflicted with.

On of the finest essays on literary subjects that it has been the Table's good fortune to read is Mr. Frederic Harrison's, on "The Decadence of Romance," in the April *Forum*. As keen and impartial as is Mr. Harrison's treatment of his subject, the Table does not agree with some of his conclusions. His views, from the British standpoint, of course, may be summed up in a sentence of his own, when, not decrying the present situation at all, but merely making a statement of the facts in the case, he says, "Comfort, electric lights, railway cars and equality are excellent things, but they are the death of romance." His meaning is that modern life, its conditions and its surroundings, do not admit of the highest treatment of romance, but confines it to "the dead-level of correctness." The Table has an idea that the necessity of modern life and its conditions confining or restraining true genius, is not as great here in America as among the writers of Great Britain. Can it be that human life is not the same now that it has always been, and that it has lost its romantic elements because of its advance in civilization? Our American life, with its hurry and intensity, its rush and go, has a fascination that no other phase of human life ever presented and that is steadily drawing to its representation countless gifted pens that have felt the charm and spirit of our Western life. And because we are daily becoming more civilized, must the genius of romance daily decline? At the least, let us hope that in this respect Mr. Harrison's essay has seen only the English side of the case.

And now let us look at the magazines that lie on the Table this month.

MAGAZINES.

First there is the *Century*, in its gala dress, with two good articles on the Columbian celebration, "At the Fair," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, a chatty bit of advice to prospective visitors (beautifully illustrated by Castaigne), and "Decorative Painting at the World's Fair," by Richard Watson Gilder, a short but artistic discussion of the work of the two most prominent artists, Melchers and MacEwen, and illustrated with excellent full-page reproductions of their best work. F. Marion Crawford tries his hand very successfully at history in a sketch of "Joseph Bonaparte in Bordentown." Thomas Janiers' delightful "Embassy to Provence," and Mrs. Burton Harrison's strong story, "Sweet Bells Out of Tune," are both concluded in this number, while the "Leaves from the Autobiography of Sabimi," the lighter fiction and the poetry are all exceptionally good.

The *Atlantic*, too, has something on the Fair, Henry Van Brunt's able discussion of "The Columbian Exposition and American Civilization," and John Dean Catton, an Illinois pioneer, tells of the early days of the Windy City in "Tis Sixty Years Since, in Chicago." Capt. Mahon, the well-known naval authority, has an interesting article on "Admiral Saumarez," the English commander. Lafacadio Hearn's peculiar paper on "The Japanese Smile," an odd phase of human nature, Bliss Perry's "Hawthorne at North Adams," and Col. Henry Lee's recollections of "Frances Ann Kemble," giving the story of her American triumphs, with Prof. Greenough's "The English Question" and some dainty poetry by Louise Chandler Moulton and Alfred Wood, make up a most readable number.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for May is an original etching by Percy Robertson, called "Shere," in which the delicate gradation of tone and the massing of light and shade make one of the best plates that we have seen this year. The reasons for Mr. Burne-Jones' resignation from the Royal Academy are fully explained in a careful article, and Frederick Wedmore discusses "The Genius of Whistler," the American artist who is now so famous for his wonderful etchings.

One always has the feeling, on taking up the *Arena*, that here we have information that can be relied on. There is no exaggeration or striving after sensations, no newspaper style about it, but every writer is an authority on his subject. The May issue is no exception to the rule, but, with Wm. Ordway Partridge's "American School of Sculptors," Prof. Orello Coxe's "Evolution of Christianity Prior to Dr. Abbott," Frederick Hoffman's "Suicides and Modern Civilization," and Theo. Seward's "Industrial Schools in the Netherlands," as the main articles, we have a varied collection of excellent treatises. Among the shorter articles may be mentioned Louise Chandler Moulton's "Four Strange, True Stories," of which it has been very rightly said that "if they are true, they make one think."

The Table regrets that it has to go to press this month before most of the college papers have arrived.

In their absence it may be said that one of our exchanges, the *Harvard Advocate*, of April 28th, has attracted not a little notoriety by the publication of two articles that, ordinarily, would have resulted in the prompt suppression of the paper. I refer to "An Iconoclastic Encounter" and one of the "College Kodaks," both of which sketches are, to say the least, decidedly out of place in any periodical that should portray the best side of college life, and not the worst.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[We first insert reviews of three books received too late to be noticed in the last number of the Ninety-three board.]

THE MEANING AND METHOD OF LIFE. BY GEORGE M. GOULD, A.M., M.D. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

The object of this book is to find God in the Atom; it is a search for religion in biology. We quote a few sentences from the introduction in order to give us an idea of the author's method:

"The invisible life is an organizing power using matter as material, and intelligence and purposiveness are plain characteristics of the invisible life. Every cell and organ and organism shows presently acting intelligence, healing power, adaptation to circumstances, resistance to or use of circumstance. It is plain that a practically omnipresent, invisible living has personal control. Language fails us when we try to picture to ourselves and to others this incomprehensible fact. Perhaps it would be near truth to say that Spirit, which is outside the limits of space and time, finds or rather makes, the cell his universal throne, so that He Himself in very literalness is the life of each of the innumerable living elements that make up the substance of plants and animals. In this fact we get the vivid demonstration of many things extra-cellular."

"The Biologos is the mediator between Spirit and matter; it is the incarnation, the "immanent in living, up bearing, though willing Father of Life."

"From this standpoint of biology and intelligent force is operating in and through every living being. The dark riddle of life is to explain why Life is thus incorporating itself in material forms, and why the peculiarities. Course, accidents, length of progress and evils, the process, are as they are. This little book, I believe, gives the key-note and methods of the solution of the riddle."

This solution is outlined in the chapter called "Cytology." The science of cell-life is the author's theology. He says:

"The cell is God's *πυρ σίτω* for moving the world. Its nucleus is His million-fold point of contact with matter. Back from every cell nucleus runs the lines of unity, meeting in the focus of a system of philosophy, is developed." He carries the "biologos" into the sphere of ethics and aesthetics, gives a solution to the problems of evil, and freedom of the will. Other subjects that are brought in are evolution, immortality, sensation, reproduction and personality.

The author sums up his theory in the final chapter of the book, "Sleep, Dreaming and Awakening." In speaking of man's destiny, he says: "The journey's end in death will not be a ruthless and sudden awakening among strangers, into what we know not, but it will be the eager and delighted reception at home by our Father and our Friend."

SON OF MAN; OR, SEQUEL TO EVOLUTION. BY CELESTE ROOT LANG. (BOSTON: ARENA PUBLISHING Co.)

The book before us is an excursion into the field of Psychic Evolution; it is a carrying of the methods of biological development into the sphere of the psyche. It deals with a theme that has had little place in the discussions of religious thinkers. The book is divided into three parts: I. Psychic Evolution; II. Psychic Evolution Considered in Relation to Material Evolution; III. Man's Place in Nature.

Among the topics touched upon in this volume are: Planes of Divine Energy. The Union of the Supreme with Nature. Data of Individual Immortality. Psychic Kingdom of God. The Christ Theory. The Christ Dispensation. Evolution of Force. General Evidence of Evolution as a Universal Law. Psychic Evolution and the Problem of Evil. Man's Place in Nature as affected by the Copernican Theory. Man's Place in Nature as affected by Darwinism. Man's Place in Nature as affected by the Christ Theory.

MADAME SAPPHIRA. BY EDGAR SALTUS. (CHICAGO: F. T. NEELY.)

This is the story of a New York divorce suit. The heroine is intended to represent the present-day society woman as an adept in the art of lying and blackmailing. The plot is well developed, and some of the situations are startling.

CHILDREN OF THE KING. BY F. MARION CRAWFORD. (NEW YORK: MACMILLAN & Co.)

Our author writes what may be termed a strong story. His paintings of scenery and his recounting of incidents are at once forcible and vivid. His heroes and heroines are drawn with a master hand and in every volume he portrays some one or more characters of a wonderful strength. His plots, while often not complex nor broad in their range, have yet a characteristic power and depth.

Although we should hardly term this, his latest work, his best, yet "Children of the King" contains all these qualities to a greater or less degree. The plot is simple, but strong and tragic in its close. The scene is laid in Southern Italy, where Beatrice, a Palermian heiress, is tricked by her mother and Count San Miniato into an engagement with the latter. Speedily finding that there is no affection on either side, she seems too weak to endure the scandal which a rupture, according to Italian prejudice, would have caused. Ruggiero, the Count's boatman, and one of the "Children of the King," being hopelessly in love with Beatrice, to save her from this unhappy marriage drowns both himself and the Count.

The characters are all well drawn, but the two "Children of the King" and Teresina are the only ones we can thoroughly admire, although Beatrice, despite her evident weakness, charms us by her frankness and her discernment of true affection. The style varies somewhat from that of other of his works but is nearly as easy and graceful.

SALLY DOWS AND OTHER STORIES. BY BRET HARTE. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

This little volume contains four of Bret Harte's latest and best stories. They illustrate well his versatility, dealing with very different scenes. The first and longest, "Sally Dows," is a story of Southern life, a new field for this author. It reminds us in plot of "A Fool's Errand," and in it the spirit of the South, just after the war, is well maintained. The pretty dialect of the Southern girl is very natural and one's interest in the story never flags. The first chapter, especially, is a very fine bit of description, full of color and life. The story itself is very dainty and bright and at times exciting. The other stories are shorter but equally vivacious and entertaining.

POLAND. STORY OF NATION'S SERIES. BY W. R. MORFILL, M.A. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

Americans, as a rule, know very little about Poland and its people. We are familiar with the last sad act in the drama of the nation's history when its three great neighbors united to divide its territories among themselves. The history of her mighty kings and heroes, her poets and warriors, has all been lost in the oblivion which followed the nation's downfall. Kosciuszko, saddened by the downfall of his country, took his patriotism and love of freedom to America and became a noble factor in that struggle for independence. Poland's history is a sad one; it is the story of a crushed, humiliated race. In the telling of such a story it is difficult to be impartial, but we think that here Mr. Morfill has succeeded admirably. The book also shows a depth of research and study which is most remarkable. His remarks upon the language and ethnological element of the population indicate a deep knowledge of the subject. We are sure that the readers of the "Story of Poland" will find in it an interesting and a profitable history.

GREEK POETS IN ENGLISH VERSE. BY WILLIAM HYDE APPLETON. (BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

In these latter days we are swept along at a rapid rate by the swift current of life and we have little time to spend seeking ourselves for the beauties that lie hidden in the ancient and modern art and literature. We require these to be culled out and placed before us in an attractive form, so we can photograph them on the great negatives of our mind, as it were, by a "snap shot."

In this delightful volume Prof. Appleton presents to us a few of the gems of the Greek poets. The book is simply a compendium of Greek poetry, and is limited by the same boundaries as are all compendiums, yet within its sphere it will be eminent for the taste and beauty of its selections. Prof. Appleton was admirably qualified for the task, as is most effectually demonstrated by the result.

In the introduction to the verse he rapidly sketches the outlines of the plots of the poems of Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes, and endeavors to accentuate their grandeur, sublimity and beauty. As an æsthetic volume this will appeal to many, for the author wisely refrains from a critical study, and gives us the best translations of the Divine Masters whose works have thrilled the souls of all lovers of art and beauty in literature.

THE ILIADS OF HOMER. BY GEORGE CHAPMAN. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

Of all the translations of Homer, Chapman's has doubtless caught more of the quaint poetic beauty and the genuine archaic ring. Here we have his translation of the Iliad in a most handy and attractive form. These three little volumes, uniform with the rest of the *Knickerbocker Nugget Series*, besides containing the great translator's preface, add to the merits of the previous editions by their numerous illustrations. The edition is printed on the best of paper in excellent type and is contained in a most pretty and tasty binding.

PROBLEMS IN AMERICAN SOCIETY. BY JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER. (BOSTON: GEORGE H. ELLIS.)

This volume contains a number of essays written in a most readable style and dealing with some of the practical questions of the day. The *Student in American Life* is perhaps a little more idealistic than those which follow, but here the writer shows his deepest powers of thought. The second essay, *Scientific Charity*, treats of the subject historically rather than suggesting any reliefs for poverty or discussing the causes which underlie pauperism. In *The Root of the Temperance Problem* the key-note of the discussion is found in the sentence, "The problem which lies before us is the rational and moral development of the individual." High license he favors, regarding State prohibition as inadequate and impracticable. *The Political Conscience* likewise looks toward the education of the individual citizen. *Moral and Religious Instruction in Public Schools* is an essay in which our author strongly attacks the position of the Roman Catholics, at the same time maintaining that with the ecclesiastical use of the Bible in our public schools, the only logical outcome is an established religion in the State. In *Religious Destitution of Villages* the writer brings graphically before us the condition of many of our smaller centres, especially in his own section of the great Northwest. Here he pleads strongly for more of religion and less of creed.

We can hardly agree with Mr. Crooker in all his premises or conclusions, nor do we always see the strength of his logic. Yet the work contains much valuable information and many passages which we would do well to more than read. Mr. Crooker impresses us as a writer of keen penetration and deep powers of thought, as a man of strong character and high ideals.

MACAULAY'S ESSAYS ON MILTON AND ADDISON. EDITED BY JAMES CHALMERS, PH. D., LL.D. (NEW YORK, BOSTON, CHICAGO: LEACH, SHEWELL & SANBORN.)

In this volume we find two essays and a poem, "*The Battle of Ivery*," which are peculiarly literary as distinguished from other writings of the great author which are biographical or historical or political. With the essay on Milton, Macaulay's literary fame began. And on it, perhaps, more than on any other one production, his name as an essayist still depends, both for the perfection of style and its wonderful power of reasoning and thought. This volume belongs to the *Student's Series of English Classics*, and these works, while designed for rather elementary use, yet contain in a convenient pocket-form selections with which everyone should be familiar.

JOAN OF ARC AND OTHER SELECTIONS FROM DE QUINCY. EDITED BY HENRY H. BELFIELD, PH. D. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: LEACH, SHEWELL & SANBORN.)

For his breadth and power of thought, for his richness of imagination and illustration, De Quincy acknowledges few superiors among our English essayists. Dr. Belfield has here made most judicious selections from the very best of his writings. The essays contained are: *Joan of Arc*; *The English Mail Coach* (abridged); *Lermia and Our Ladies of Sorrow*; *Dinner Real and Reputed* (abridged). There is also a brief sketch of the author's life, a careful introduction and copious explanatory notes often helpful and necessary in a study of this writer. This volume also forms a part of the *Student's Series of English Classics*.

THE DIVINITY OF JESUS CHRIST. BY THE AUTHORS OF "PROGRESSIVE ORTHODOXY." (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

These papers are written by professors of Andover Theological Seminary. They give their work to the public at this time, because of the great amount of discussion now arising upon the subject of the divinity of the man Jesus and on kindred topics. Investigation has taken on fresh forms, and scepticism has armed itself with new weapons; old conceptions have changed and men look for more accurate explanations at many points. The book is not written against utter scepticism, but in support of the proposition, "The Jesus of history is the Christ of faith;

the Christ of faith is God revealed and known." The book proves in successive chapters that Christ undoubtedly believed in his own divinity, as did the early church. It discusses at length the various elements in the character of Jesus, drawing what it believes the only logical conclusion. The book is comprehensive in its treatment, deep in its thought, logical in its method. Be the needs of Christianity at this time great or small, it has here a valiant champion.

A CATHEDRAL COURTSHIP. BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

The critic had this volume in his pocket as he stepped on board a train and the tedium of a three-hours' journey was whiled away by the pleasantries of its pages. *A Cathedral Courtship*, is a pretty little story, scarcely possessing a plot nor going very deeply into character delineation but written in a bright and amusing vein. And in *Penelope's English Experiences*, which occupies the greater portion of the book, we meet the same charming, sketchy style. There is only the thread of a story but instead we find a little harmless satire and clever delineations of certain phases of English character. The book contains five illustrations by Clifford Carleton.

IN SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH. ESSAYS BY YOUNGER MINISTERS OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH. (BOSTON: GEORGE H. ELLIS.)

In writing these essays, the various authors have endeavored to speak out of their lives rather than from what they have derived from books. Their aim has been to lead to a better understanding of the religious life of the Unitarian Church. Written in such a spirit and with such an aim we are not surprised to find a series of earnest and helpful papers. The book should have a wide circulation, especially among the supporters of the Unitarian faith.

THE YOUTH OF FREDERICK THE GREAT. BY PROF. ERNEST LAVISSE. TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY MARY BUSHNELL COLEMAN. (CHICAGO: S. C. GRIGGS & CO.)

We have here another example of the fact often noted, that the best histories are frequently written by foreigners. Although written by a Frenchman, German critics pronounce it the best biography that has been written upon this character in history. We are doubly interested when we remember that he is writing of the origin of that growth of power which culminated in the defeat of the French armies. Nowhere else have we so plainly set before us the intimate relation which Frederick William I. and Frederick II. of Germany bore to the rise and growth of the nation. The characters are treated with perfect fairness, and the author has not permitted their merits and virtues to blind his eyes to the overbearance of the father or the arrogance of the son.

Although an accurate and valuable history, it is written so as to hold the attention from beginning to end, and we can almost imagine ourselves in the palace at Berlin and that we are living in the time of Frederick. The translator has done her part well and has preserved for us the clear style and brightness of the French.

THE GOLDEN BOTTLE. BY IGNATIUS DONNELLY. (NEW YORK: D. D. MERRILL.)

The writer is the man of strange views and unique hypotheses. He advanced the theory of the Great Cryptogram, he is a strong supporter of the People's Party, and now, in an allegorical story he presents to us an economic theory. By an unlimited supply of money put into circulation by loans at low rates, he believes that most of the existing evils of society will be remedied. The scheme, even if a success at all, could hardly be as world-reaching as Mr. Donnelly predicts, nor can we see how the currency could escape being utterly depreciated by such a policy. Still, while scarcely a success as a theory, the work is suggestive and cannot fail to start us thinking along important lines. The book is a little crude in style, though told in an interesting and often amusing manner.

THE SECRET OF CHARACTER BUILDING. BY JOHN B. DE MOTTE, A. M., PH. D. (CHICAGO: S. C. GRIGGS & Co.)

The text of this little book is the old saying, "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." Under this topic the author has used in a novel manner a number of physical analogies to illustrate his points. Character, he asserts, rests upon a physical basis. The work is intensely practical, and its deep underlying moral and religious tone cannot fail to leave a strong impression upon the reader. It is a treatise which is both interesting and instructive.

NAPOLEON. HEROES OF THE NATION'S SERIES. BY W. O'CONNOR MORRIS. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTMAN'S SONS.)

"Napoleon," as Mr. Morris says, "has many biographers." Some creating in him a hero, have lauded his every action and shut their eyes to his every fault. Others have seen him only as the scourge of Europe, an ambitious despot who poured out the best blood of France like water. Mr. Morris, we think, has reached a happy medium in his biography. He is a more impartial judge, in many respects, than any who before him have undertaken the task of describing the life of Napoleon.

The character of Napoleon is a mystery to too many of us. We cannot understand that mind, so high in its workings, so vast in its ambitions. His desires and aspirations were so extraordinary, so far beyond the ken of average mankind, that we fail to fathom them. We think that a truer insight into the character and aims of Napoleon may be gained through Mr. Morris' work.

The biography is a very thorough one, we feel that nothing has been left out which could be of interest or aid to the reader. Mr. Morris is a narrative rather than a critical author. His biography is impartial. His accounts are accurate and full, and he is quick to see and understand the motives which actuated Napoleon. His book is a valuable addition to the biographies of the great Corsican.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS. BY FREDERIC HARRISON. (NEW YORK: MACMILLAN & Co.)

In this little volume Mr. Harrison selects the men who are almost universally chosen as the really great representatives of the world's literature. But when we come to any comparative ranking of writers we as ever realize that individual taste is too important a factor for there to be any actual scale, and that such comparisons are unsatisfactory at their best. Our author gives plain evidence of two important things—a thorough understanding of the needs and condition of his age and a general literary knowledge, and this not only from an outside standpoint, but as though deeply imbued with the spirit of what he criticises. The book is a sensible, practical treatise, covering a wide area, and is clear, logical and incisive in its thought. As regards its style, nothing is left to be desired.

JESUS BROUGHT BACK. BY JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER. (BOSTON: GEORGE H. ELLIS.)

The author of "Problems in American Society" has given us a rather peculiar book, whose aim is to show that "the Christ of theology" is not the true Jesus, but a mistaken view of the greatest character of history. Instead, his aim is to "put forward that interpretation of his life and message which is least open to destructive criticism and most serviceable for training in righteousness." The essays are written in a smooth and readable style and contain much earnest thought.

REDBANK. LIFE ON A SOUTHERN PLANTATION. BY M. L. COWLES. (BOSTON: ARENA PUBLISHING Co.)

Here we find a good description of life in the South and a portrayal of customs differing in many respects from those of our own section. And this is the book's chief merit, for it hardly gives us any new picture of the infinite variety and wonderful shades of human character, nor does the story seem possessed by any strong motive. The book is doubtless true to life but realistic almost to the extent of being commonplace, and the conversation, while at times brilliant, is too often trivial and tedious. Harry Halcombe and Waverly Brooks, while well portrayed, are characters almost too conventional each within its class, though in Jessica, the heroine, we cannot fail to appreciate the sweet and womanly qualities. Although we can hardly commend the author for any great originality, he has told his story in a style readable and clear.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The following books have been received and will be reviewed in our June issue:

THE PHILOSOPHY OF INDIVIDUALITY. BY ANTOINETTE BROWN
BLACKWELL. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

DROYSSEN'S PRINCIPLES OF HISTORY. BY JOHANN GUSTAV DROY-
SEN. TRANSLATED BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS. (BOSTON: GINN & Co.)

ARE MEN GAY DECEIVERS? BY MRS. FRANK LESLIE. (NEW YORK
AND CHICAGO: F. T. NEELY.)

THE MOSAIC RECORD OF THE CREATION EXPLAINED. BY
ABRAHAM G. JENNINGS. (NEW YORK AND CHICAGO: FLEMING H.
REVELL Co.)

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APRIL 22D.—Princeton, 14; Wesleyan, 6.

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DR J. C. WILSON, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used it as a general tonic, and in particular in the debility and dyspepsia of over-worked men, with satisfactory results."

Descriptive pamphlet sent free.

RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS, Providence, R. I.

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